

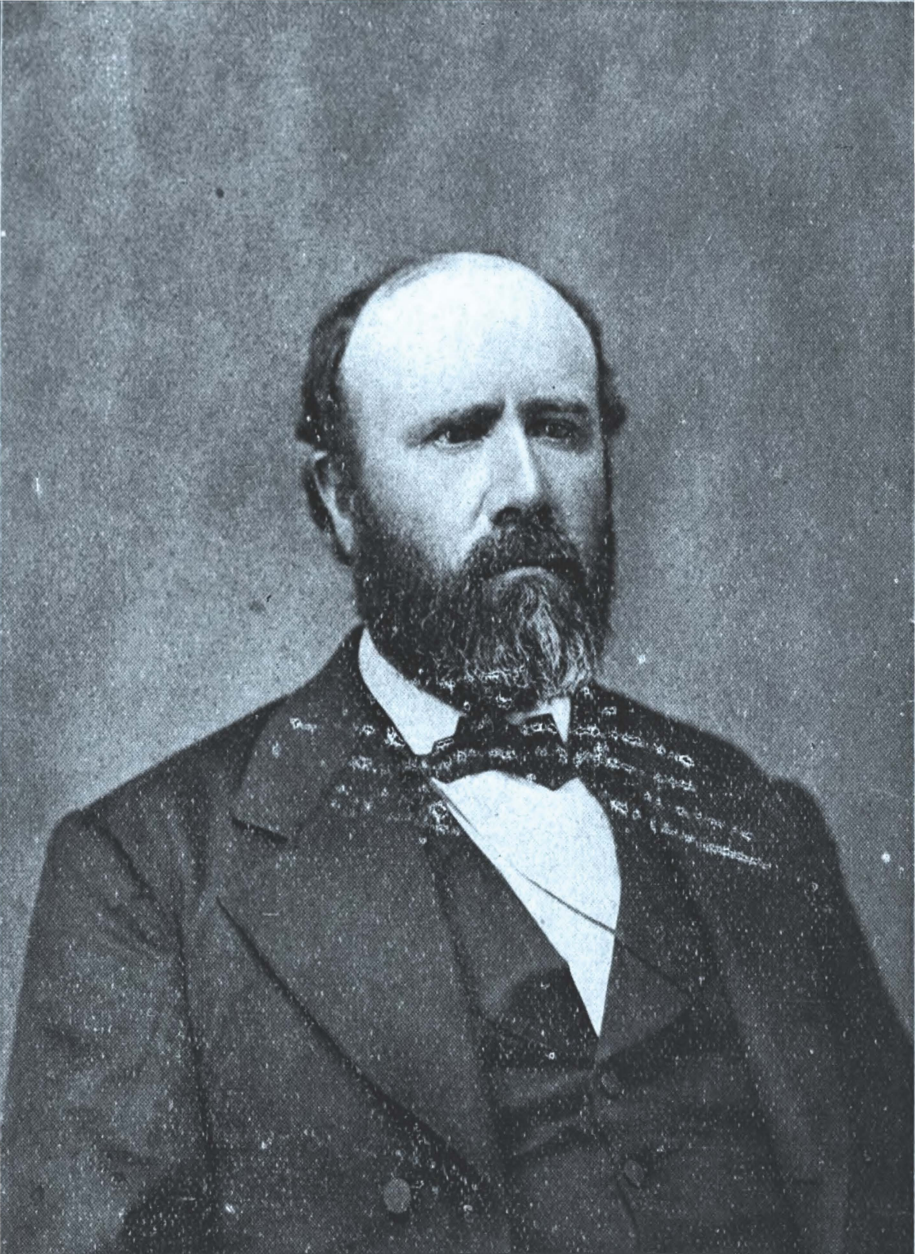
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*Historical sketches of Pocahontas  
County, West Virginia*

William Thomas Price

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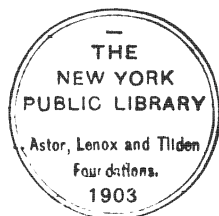
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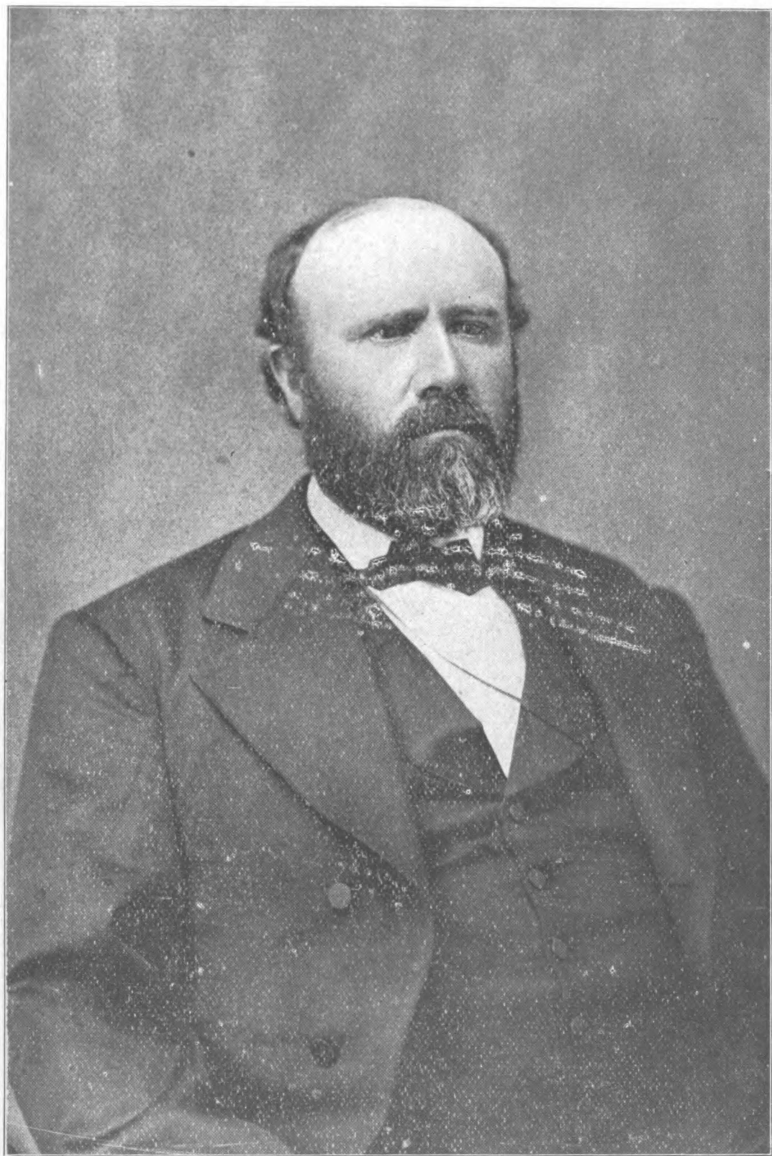












# Historical Sketches

OF

POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA

BY

WILLIAM T. PRICE

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Hath this been in your days, or even in the days of your fathers? Tell your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation.—BIBLE.

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MARLINTON, W. VA.

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1901

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## Preface.

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This volume seems to be the spontaneous outcome of circumstances, or in a sense has simply grown up "without observation." Most of the contents came the compiler's way without ever suspecting their future appearance in book form, by casually noting down what he saw and heard while moving around among the homes of our people, recording interviews with the older venerated persons, or recalling what was suggested during the thirty or forty youthful years of the almost forgotten past, and were published from time to time in the Pocahontas Times.

Referring to the Biographic Notes, we quote from the Bath News an article by Joseph T. McAllister, himself a historical student of more than ordinary ability: "These sketches are from notes made as occasion offered, and they can not be prized too highly. It is very hard for one man unaided to gather these facts, and it requires no little time to edit them. We sometimes think very lightly of such things, and are too much inclined to let the dead past bury its dead, and live alone in this work-a-day present. But we

## PREFACE

should remember that along this western Virginia the Scotch-Irish worked out a vast problem and wrought a vast change in the then existing form of government; that they made history and played no small or mean part in life's great stage; that the simple life they led nurtured men to whom we are indebted for countless blessings, and that no incident of their lives is too small or insignificant to be recorded. Only by access to such sketches as those published by Mr Price can the coming historian gather truthfully the materials from which to write. When Green, the great English historian, wrote his immortal work—it was not to set forth the deeds of the kings, or the deeds of the members of the royal household. He wrote what he fondly calls a 'History of the English People.' "

The writer esteems it a privilege granted by the Supreme Being,—in whom we live, move, and have our being,—to have been enabled to collect and put in permanent form the matter contained in these sketches, much of which would soon have faded from the minds of men and lost to present and future generations.

Sincere thanks are due the advance subscribers, without whose assurance of support and co-operation the work would not have been attempted at this time.

WILLIAM T. PRICE.

Marlinton, West Virginia,  
July 19, 1901.

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## SKETCHES OF POCAHONTAS COUNTY

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### SECTION I.

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#### SOME PRELIMINARY WORDS.

A Hebrew Prophet utters this impressive admonition: "Hear this ye old men and give ear all ye inhabitants of the land, hath this been in your days, or even in the days of your fathers? Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation."—Joel 1, 2-3.

The duty inculcated by these earnest words we,—the Editor; the venerated, aged persons whose memories have with so much fidelity preserved the traditions and the oral unwritten history that have been transmitted from their pioneer ancestry to their children and children's children; the advance subscribers; and the printer publishers,—hereby endeavor to perform.

These sketches are designed to illustrate, in some measure, the history of Pocahontas County, located as it is in one of the most remarkable regions of the whole habitable earth. The territory referred to extends from the Ohio Valley to the Blue Ridge, and from the Potomac to the sources of New River. There may be other regions of like limits equally favored with the bounties of nature, but none to surpass it, when all

things are duly considered. The spontaneous resources for sustaining human and animal existence exceed all ordinary means of estimating. The streams were alive with fish and aquatic birds; the forests teemed with uncounted herds of bison, elk, and deer, bears, wolves, panthers, wild cats, foxes and smaller animals of great variety roamed at will. Flocks of turkeys, grouse, quail, and the wild pigeons abounded in fabulous profusion. The branches of as noble trees as ever grew,—trees that would be the pride of royal parks,—were occupied by throngs of birds of bright and varied plumage and sweet notes, thus making the solitary forest scenes beautiful and more than sweetly vocal.

When the pioneers came they found this wilderness paradise just as God the Creator fashioned it, already peopled by a branch of the human race, men, women, and children, that had been here for centuries. There were indications that these had been preceded by a still older class of occupants.

As to the American Indians found by the pioneers, the question of their origin, who they were and whence came they has been a much discussed ethnological problem for the past four hundred years by Spanish, English, French, and American scholars. Egypt, China, and Northeastern Asia, as well as Northwestern Europe, have passed under searchingly profound consideration as sources whence the aboriginal people of North and South America have migrated at prehistoric periods. The language, religious traditions, manners, and usages of the Indians that occupied the region whereof our county forms a part seem to some writers

suggestive of Hebrew origin, and might be a remnant of the so termed Lost Tribes of Israel. On this theory the Book of Mormon was written, and our intelligent readers know something of what has resulted whenever the Mormon question is broached.

But as the question now stands, that of origin as to what nation or nations of the old world whence the American Indians have come, the state of the problem is so perplexing that positive truth is not conceded to any one theory. Plausible conjecture is the most that is conceded for the best considered theory of origin.

Hu Maxwell, who has investigated such historical themes with conspicuous ability, says:

“In Mexico to-day the Indians, Mayas, and Aztecs live side by side, and their features and general characteristics show them to be radically the same people, not different races. They are at least as much alike as are Germans and Spanish, the Greeks and the French, and the common origin of these nations is not difficult to trace. It is neither proper nor profitable to enter at length upon the consideration of the origin of the Indians. It is a question which history has not answered, and perhaps never will answer. If the origin of the Indians were known, the origin of the people who built the mounds would be near at hand. But the whole matter is one of speculation and opinion. The favorite conclusion of most authors is that America was peopled from Asia by way of Behring Strait. It could have been done. But the hypothesis is as reasonable that Asia was peopled by emigrants from America who crossed the Behring Strait. It is the same dis-



tance across, going west or coming east, and there is no historical evidence that America was not peopled first, or that both the old world and the new world were not peopled at the same time; or that each was not peopled independently of the other. Since the dawn of history, and as far back into prehistoric times as the analysis of languages can throw any light, all great migrations have been westward. No westward migration would have given America its inhabitants from Asia, but a migration from from the west would have peopled Asia from America. As a matter of fact Behring Strait is so narrow that the tribes on either side can cross to the other at pleasure, and with less difficulty than the Amazon River can be crossed near its mouth."

In our sketches we will not spend much time on theories of origin, but give earnest attention to facts, and the fact now before us is this, the pioneers found the land they had come from beyond the ocean seas to possess, already occupied by their fellow men, claiming the land as theirs from prehistoric times. The tribe of Indians that laid special claim upon our region by actual possession was the Shawnee; and as the Shawnees had been nurtured and reared in such a surprising goodly land, he ranked among the superior members of the North American aborigines.

The Shawnee Indians preceded the pioneers in actual possession and long use of hunting grounds well-nigh coextensive with the limits already indicated. These Indians had the Ohio Valley as their home place so to speak. Nearly all of the aborigines that waged

border warfare lived in Ohio adjacent to the present limits of West Virginia, whence they would come to make good their claims to their hunting grounds, and for more than twenty-five years waged cruel hostilities against the pioneers.

The French Jesuit fathers, as early as 1640, had taken and published a missionary census of the total number of Indians in the territory east of the Mississippi, north of the Gulf of Mexico, and south of the St. Lawrence River and the Lakes. The territory referred to in that missionary census includes what now claims our consideration. According to this census the Indians numbered about one hundred and eighty thousand.

It thus appears that the Jesuit Fathers took much pains to inform themselves about this region, and had secured the confidence and attachment of the Shawnees. These alert, tireless, shrewd missionaries always knew a good thing when they saw it, and they seemed to have felt that no brighter gem was in their reach, with which to adorn the tiara of the Holy Father at Rome, than the natural Paradise reported by the Shawnee braves and Huron hunters as their own hunting grounds. No doubt rested in the souls of these devoted missionaries that their paramount duty was to secure and make good for the use of the Holy Father this goodly heritage of the heathen, for it was his as the vicegerent of Christ, to whom God had promised the earth and the fullness thereof. They were ready to sacrifice all the delights of sense, all the luxury of personal ease, and even life itself, to make good a claim so divine.

Nothing in the annals of missionary endeavor is

more pathetically interesting than what these devoted Jesuit fathers voluntarily endured, in their efforts to propagate the faith, as they express it. First came the missionaries, followed in due time by the French engineers, and the goodly land was explored. The missionaries were quickened in their zeal and confirmed in their faith when they discovered so much that was suggestive of Palestine in so many features. What Moses said and what they had read in the 8th of Deuteronomy about the Holy Land being a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land whose stones are iron and out of whose hills brass might be dug, the Fathers found all duplicated here, and they were not slow to perceive its possibilities could make it materialize into a "land of wheat and barley and vines and fig trees and pomegranates; a land wherein bread would be eaten without scarceness," and nothing really good be lacking, and be moreover a land of oil, olive, and honey.

Since apostolic times no class of men have on record or have displayed more selfdenying energy than the French Father missionaries at the time referred to. Some of these previous to 1640, and at various periods since down to 1774, explored every nook and corner of our region worth looking after, guided by their Shawnee adherents. It is believed that the remains of one of these fathers, or engineers, were plowed up in the Indian Draft, some years ago, near where the Edray branch joins the main stream.

To have a proper appreciation of what it all cost the pioneers in their efforts to have and to hold what is

now the place of our homes, it would be well to learn something of Shawnee character, as men and warriors.

The leaders that gave our pioneers the most trouble were Pontiac, Chief of the Ottawas; Cornstalk, Killbuck, and Crane. Killbuck annoyed the settlements for a long series of years, and when hostilities ceased went to his home in Ohio, and thereafter paid occasional visits to Wheeling. He became blind, and lived to be more than a hundred years old.

Killbuck had for a comrade, whose efficiency as a warrior made him nearly as dangerous, named Crane, because of his unusually long neck and legs. Crane was an ugly thorn in the flesh, especially to those of the settlers that located on the South Branch, and made himself a conspicuous nuisance never to be forgotten. But little record is to be found of his exploits, but enough is known to give him the distinction of being considered nearly as dangerous as Killbuck.

The Shawnees, the aboriginal people, were here to repel the pioneers for the reason they regarded the land as theirs by inheritance from their fathers, at whose burial mounds they observed solemn rights of worship, and whose exploits they so fervently chanted in war songs and funeral dirges.

Indian troubles continued about thirty years with brief intervals of precarious peace. It is believed on very reliable tradition that for ten years before his death at the battle of Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774, Colonel Charles Lewis was never at home more than a month at a time.

The pioneer Scottish Virginians, ancestors of so

large proportion of our Pocahontas people, were remote from the seat of the colonial government, poorly provided with means of defense, and were exposed to all the troubles arising from the long and bitter struggle between the French and English for supremacy in the Mississippi Valley. History makes no formal mention of expeditions numbering hundreds of men going out as armed rangers upon the frontier. Nothing but a few unnoticed Acts of Virginia Assembly, acknowledging and commending such services, are available to show that companies of "Rangers," "Independents," or "Volunteers," led by a Lewis, a McClenachan, a Cunningham, a Preston, a Dickinson, a Dunlap, a Moffett, an Alexander, or some one else, armed and equipped at their own charges, penetrated the forests to punish or disperse hostile parties of Indians.

For in times of avowed peace the Indians would allege nominal or supposed wrongs, and thereupon murder defenceless families, then disappear stealthily as panthers, hastening away to their well-nigh inaccessible strongholds beyond the mountains. The Indian leaders, moreover, were foemen worthy of any antagonistic steel. The Emperor Pontiac appears to be the first to wage war against the Scottish Virginians. He was a war chief of the Ottowas, the most influential of the northern tribes, and was conspicuous among the native heroes whose devotion to the interests, of their people, wisdom and eloquence in council, skill in strategy, bravery in battle, have made for them a fame that the proudest warriors of all time might well envy.

One writer speaks of Pontiac as a person of remark-

able appearance and commanding stature. Another says that in point of native talent, courage, magnanimity, and integrity he will compare without prejudice with the most renowned of civilized rulers and conquerors. It was Pontiac's war in 1763 that required the utmost strength of the Colonies and the strongest support of the British Government to withstand and overcome. It was in obedience to Pontiac's orders and plans that raiding parties pressed far into panic stricken settlements, and among the massacres were the Big Levels and Muddy Creek in Virginia, and the merciless slaughter in the Valley of Wyoming.

Ten or eleven years later another terrific Indian war blazed forth. This was conducted by the Shawnee chief Cornstalk, who when a young warrior was under Pontiac. The Shawnees held all other men in contempt as warriors. Mr Stuart speaks of Cornstalk as distinguished for beauty of person, for agility and strength of frame, in manners graceful and easy, and in movements majestic and princely. He commanded the Indian forces at Point Pleasant. During that very memorable action he was frequently seen moving rapidly along the lines of picked braves, and his marvelous voice was heard above the din of conflict cheering on with his battle cry "Be Strong! Be Strong!"

Colonel Wilson, a British officer, says: "I have heard the famous orators of Virginia—Patrick Henry and Richard Lee—but never have I heard one whose powers of delivery surpassed those of Cornstalk."

As seen and regarded by us as we write, had Cornstalk been successful at the battle of Point Pleasant,

the war for Independence could not have occurred when it did, and very probably never taken place. For English cavaliers, the French and Spanish missionaries with their Shawnee and other Indian adherents would have made it too uncomfortable for the Scotch-Irish and the Huguenots to remain, and there would not have been a Pocahontas County to write history about, as we know it, and are now preparing. The tide of that very eventful and pivotal battle was turned against Cornstalk and his chosen braves by the management of Jacob Warwick, a pioneer of Pocahontas County, who now sleeps in his lowly grave six miles west of the Warm Springs, Virginia.

The close of Cornstalk's eventful career in life is one of the most touching events of the kind on historical record since the death of Socrates. Impelled by a magnanimous sense of duty unsurpassed in all barbaric history, in order to be faithful and true to the treaty of peace he had made with the pioneers, Cornstalk came to the fort at Point Pleasant, the scene of his humiliating defeat, to inform the garrison of efforts made by British emissaries to incite the Indians to war against the Virginians during the Revolution. He and his son Ellinpsico were detained as hostages.

In the meanwhile some of the garrison, infuriated by the treacherous death of a comrade by an Indian tramp, resolved to be avenged upon the hostages. Soon as Cornstalk divined their purpose, he turned to his son and said: "My son, the Great Spirit has seen fit that we die together, and has sent you here to that end. It is His will—let us submit. It is all for the



best." He then faced the persons making ready to slay him, bared his bosom, received seven shots from deadly mountain rifles, and fell lifeless. With him departed the spirit and prestige of the Indian power on the frontier. In thinking of this wonderful person, how very aptly the words apply:

"The Lord of all  
The forest heroes, trained in wars,  
Quivered and plumed and lithe and tall  
And seamed with glorious scars."

Such historical allusions seem needful to aid us now living in forming some adequate conception of what our worthy ancestors had to encounter and overcome in their endeavors to build up their homes, for themselves, and for their sons and daughters, their children and childrens' children. So comparatively silent is general history concerning border warfare that none but special students of pioneer times have anything like a correct apprehension how dangerous and skilful were Indian warriors fighting for hunting grounds, fishing streams, and ancestral graves. While it may be that little, relatively speaking, has been recorded of the events that make up pioneer history, yet it is impossible for those of us who revere our ancestral worthies not to revert often in thought to those sad twenty-five or thirty years in which the weapons must have been fashioned and the characters formed and matured for the stupendous war that was to be fought before the Rose of Sharon planted by Scottish-Virginia hands should bloom and adorn this goodly land and diffuse

all around its liberty inspiring and soul saving fragrance. With so much at issue in a conflict to be led by savage and civilized leaders of the highest endowments, there is something so sublimely portentous in its significance as to prompt every pious patriot to exclaim in all fervency of spirit:

“Sound, thou trumpet of God, come forth Great  
Cause, to array us.  
King and Leader appear! Thy soldiers sorrowing  
seek thee.”

Having thus considered the character of the Ottawa and Shawnee leaders opposing the early settlers, we will give some attention to the characteristics of our pioneer ancestors, so as to comprehend in a measure how they became qualified to meet and overcome the opposition confronting them, and by their marvellous success opened this “goodly land” for our use and daily comfort, and known and loved by us as “home, sweet home,” amid the West Virginia hills.

Of the persons most prominent in the early history of our pioneer ancestry, special mention should be made of Dr John Craig, for the reason that he exerted so much telling influence upon the immediate lives of those persons who pioneered the counties of Pocahontas, Greenbrier, Monroe, and Kanawha. He is moreover a type of the persons whose names were embalmed by so many of our ancestors with all their hearts could give, “their praises and their tears.”

Dr Craig was Master of Arts by graduation from the University of Edinburg, Scotland. For twenty-

five years he ministered to the Old Stone Church, in Augusta County, walking five miles to preaching Sabbath morning, and when Indians were troublesome would carry his own trusty rifle along with Bible and Psalm Book. Services would open at 10 a. m., recess of one hour for lunch at noon, then preaching until sundown. Sometimes, on Sacramental occasions, a candle was needed to read the closing hymns. Then some of the congregation would ride ten or twelve miles to their homes, and after doing up the household chores, would go to bed at midnight. One of his sermons still extant is laid off in fifty-five divisions.

When Braddock was defeated, mainly by the skillful management of Pontiac in 1754, thus leaving all west of the Blue Mountains exposed to Indian incursions, the inhabitants in utter consternation were talking about safety in flight somewhere back to Pennsylvania or over the mountains towards Williamsburg, so as to be near the seat of government, and the safety it implied, the undaunted preacher was opposed to all such schemes. In his journal he thus writes:

“I opposed that scheme as a scandal to our nation, falling below our brave ancestors, (in Scotland) making ourselves a reproach among Virginians, a dishonor to our friends at home, an evidence of cowardice, want of faith and noble Christian dependance on God as able to save and deliver from the heathen; and withal a lasting blot forever on all our posterity.”

This valiant soldier of two banners,—the banner of the Cross, and the banner of civil and religious freedom,—advised the erection of forts. In his journal he

writes: "My own flock required me to go before them in the work, which I did cheerfully, though it cost me one-third of my estate; but the people followed me and my congregation in less than two months was well fortified."

There are numbers of people living in Pocahontas today whose ancestors assisted in the erection of the forts referred to. With such an example, his people maintained their homes most bravely through all the fiery trials of that period so eventful in results, as far reaching as the civilized world and even to the regions beyond. What remains of this brave patriots recorded views indicates that his was a mind characterized by keen, practical sagacity, generous sentiments, and judicious magnificence of reasoning powers. Hence it was he correctly appreciated the actual needs, advantages, perils, and prospects of his surroundings.

Obtuse indeed must one be who fails to perceive something splendid, wonderful in such a man, guided as he had been by a dream in Ireland to his place of service in the wilds of the Virginia Valley. Before leaving Ireland, and while frequently praying for Divine guidance where to go, he had a dream that profoundly impressed him, and it was ever vivid to his memory. After coming to America he followed the stream of immigration up the Valley of Virginia until he came to Fort Defiance, a locality that corresponded with his dream. He at once selected it as a place for his home, where he dwelt, labored, died, and was buried. Honoured for all time be his memory. May his example of life and faith like all

“the actions of the just,  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

The people upon whom such influences of living and practicing were exerted, and from whose habitations invincible defenders went to vanquish foemen like Pontiac, Logan, and Cornstalk, and famous generals from Europe, were mainly of Scotch Irish extraction. The best of such blood is very good, but candor demands the admission that the worst is about as bad as his Majesty the Prince of the Power of the air would have it. These warlike, clannish, iron-handed people did not seek Pennsylvania or the Virginia wilderness to avoid debt or retrieve broken fortunes, as is said of the Cavalier English, neither were they in quest of a refuge where they might praise God as they pleased, yet compel others to do like them, as is often insinuated of the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock. The Scottish-Virginians came for the most part because there was a fascination in the roominess and liberty that a new realm promises. Moreover there was something attractive for such inquisitive, daring people in the adventures and dangers that abounded.

And they remained the same unyielding characters, whether contending for Christ and His covenant in the old world among the Grampian Hills, or reclaiming the Alleghanies of the New from Indians, ferocious beasts, and venomous reptiles. Unrestrained by redeeming grace, these people were of fiery temperament free-and-easy, sport loving, gallant, fighting at the drop of a hat, racing horses, playing at cards, pitting game chickens, indulging in whiskey freely as water, swearing with an emphasis and rhetorical jingle truly

surprising. With their faults, nevertheless, they were endowed with resplendent virtues of personal character and when individuals became pious it was not half-way doings with them.

In their religion the Pauline phase had precedence, and so they believed and were sure that God abhors sin with no degree of allowance and deals sternly and righteously with unrepentant sinners. Their belief in the Divine sovereignty was such as to imbue them with that unrelenting persistence under difficulties that so eminently prepared them for the part they were led by Providential guidance to perform, in subduing the pathless wilderness and forming new states.

In regard to the Scottish Virginia women, be it ever remembered in their praise that they were more than equal to their arduous duties in those eventful times. Society was enriched and adorned by the presence of wives, mothers, and sisters whose characters were refined by the sweet uses of adversity, and whose piety was developed and invigorated by most searching tests. The mothers were keepers at home, teaching the children and servants the catechism, and attending church once a month, more or less as opportunities presented. These robust, home-loving, sweet-souled ladies wrote no books, recited no poems nor read essays, yet were none the less fitted to do their all-important part in placing deep and firmly the foundations of the institutions civil and religious that are the precious heirlooms of their descendants.

One of the last ladies left of the pioneer days in Augusta County, was Mrs Margaret Humphreys, near

Greenville. Until quite recently, there were living persons who had listened to her graphic descriptions that conveyed the liveliest impression of the times when the Valley of Virginia was a frontier settlement. Where now may be seen the beautiful farms and substantial houses, her active memory recalled the log cabins, the linsey-wolsey, the short gowns, the hunting shirts, the moccasins, the pack horses, the simple living, the shoes and stockings for winter and uncommon occasions, the deer and the rifle, the fields of flax and the spinning wheel, the wool and the looms; and with them the strict attention to religious concerns, the catechising of children, the regular going to church, the reading of the Bible, and keeping Sabbath from the beginning to the end of the day; the singing of hymns and sacred songs, all blended, presented a beautiful picture of enterprise; economy, and religion in laying the foundations of society.

The compiler of these Pocahontas Sketches well remember seeing and hearing of parties in his younger days, of Scotch-Irish lineage and members of churches reared by their pioneer ancestors, who brought their love affairs to a happy understanding by the means of the hymn book or the Bible. One morning before services began in one of the oldest of the Valley churches a youthful, enamored member politely handed his hymn book to a lady friend in the pew just before him, with a pin stuck in the stanza he wished her to read. Whereupon she read these significant words:

“Let the sweet hope that thou art mine



My life and death attend,  
Thy presence through my journey shine  
And crown my journey's end."

The young lady in place of blushing and whispering "Oh this is so sudden," took another plan, for she seemed to know at once of a hymn that would meet the emergency in kind and enable her to give as good as he had sent. Returning the book with the selfsame pin for a pointer, he read therein as follows:

"All that I am and all I have  
Shall be forever thine.  
Whate'er my duty bids me give  
My willing hands resign."

The reader is left to figure out what it all came to in the lives of these young people.

Another party, of similar lineage and training, settled matters one afternoon after returning from public worship in another ancient church. They were left in the "company room" all alone, and thereupon the young man disclosed the paramount desire of his heart. This made the young lady look and feel somewhat embarrassed. But she arose and approached the centre table on which was placed the "Big Ha' Bible" in its place of honor. She looked up the 37th Psalm, and turning to her lover friend invited him to read the verses as she pointed them out. He was quickly at her side, and as her hand passed slowly from verse to verse he read what to them both ever after were memorable verses:

“Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass.”

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From all that remains of the former presence of the Indians in our region, they never occupied it as a place for fixed permanent habitation, but for temporary resort in late Spring, Summer, and early Autumn. The existing traces of Indian occupancy all indicate such to have been the fact. At Clover Lick, Marlinton, and on the Old Field Fork of Elk are found the most that now remains indicating Indian temporary occupancy.

The most interesting trace of the kind in question is found in a meadow near Gibson's on the Old Field Fork of Elk River, twelve miles from Marlinton. This meadow was cleared about forty years ago by William Gibson, and takes the place of one of the thickest patches of laurel and alder brush that the late William Gibson says he ever worked at in all his life. After it was cleared and put in meadow, a circle appeared about 132 feet in diameter, formed of a strange grass that grows, or has not been seen, anywhere else. Mr Gibson saw similar grass in Indiana.

This circle is formed of two figures representing rattlesnakes in the act of mutually swallowing each other. One figure—the yellow rattler—symbolizes light, the black rattler typifies darkness; both combined represent the succession night and day, and illustrates the Indian

idea of Time, that mysterious something that gives and takes life, having the power of life and death.

Here the hunters would assemble to invoke the favor of this mighty, mysterious deity, upon whom the contemplated pursuit of game, so essential to their subsistence and of their squaws and papooses, depended. Or if about to go on the war path, the braves would rally here as a rendezvous, and with their dark and bloody rites and ceremonial dances performed within or around this circle would seek to placate the same mysterious power for success over their enemies in the pending battles.

The contrast of the aims and purposes of the Indians and the pioneers is instructive and deserves more than a passing notice. With Ottowas and more particularly the Shawnees, mere subsistence in the easiest way was the paramount question at issue, and for such a purpose no region surpassed this for their uses.

With the pioneers, homes were what they wanted, where fathers and sons could be settled in communities. Along with subsistence they desired social comforts, and advantages of intelligent christian worship, and securing these their hopes and aspirations seemed realized. For their cherished hopes and aims our region was equal to most and surpassed by none under the sun. At the present day among their descendants the making of money and the enjoyment of all that money secures is the paramount issue. Mere commercialism, in a more or less modified sense, is the spirit of the new order of affairs with the posterity, the children's children of the pioneers. And for this new

phase of human endeavor our region is equal to most and surpassed by none for all the elements of commercial wealth in the forests and mines, in the streams and oil wells.

Before concluding the first section of the Sketches of Pocahontas County; I would like to have the attention of our younger people and secure their sympathetic interest. It is my fervent desire and pleasing hope they will give these sketches of their native county close and studious attention, as it was and is for their special benefit these pages are sincerely intended and in a sense dedicated. In the good Providence of God, as I firmly believe, my beloved readers, I have been permitted to occupy sweetly responsible relation to you. I deem it one of the highest honors ever conferred upon me to have the privilege of serving you with my own best thoughts, and the thoughts of others consenting to lend the aid I so much need to make these pages all that I would have them be.

While for good and sufficient reasons my own contributions may not be marked by their depth of thought or logical or rhetorical power, still I know what conduces to earnest and useful thought when I read and study the writings of the foremost thinkers of the times, wherein great all important matters are considered, and I intend for my readers the best results obtainable from such sources. I do this believing that those young West Virginians who may honor these sketches with their attention are equal to anything I have been capable of apprehending, and that even children so termed are worthy of something better than

mere child's play in their reading.

The way to improve is to fix the mind on some proper model or example and try to be conformed to it, and not conform the model to the actual state of the mind. To write and talk in a childish way, it seems to me, amounts to nothing more than making oneself childish, and leaving those to be instructed about where they were at first.

So far as my influence is permitted to reach the readers of these pages, I am going to write and have been writing indeed as if I were writing for devoted, sincere christians, deep and earnest thinkers and highly cultivated persons, for these are just the persons I wish all reading young people to be, and which they must be in fact to stand worthily in the solemn position to which they are likely to be called. There is no doubt in my mind, and it is a conviction that I have permitted myself with much hesitancy indeed, that our young people will be called to meet and decide the most momentous questions that have claimed the attention of men since the Reformation.

I am informed from highly trustworthy sources that no people more successfully withstood the upas-like overshadowing of the Moslem power than the Hellenists. The reason given is that the highest and the lowest, the youngest and the oldest, vie in the veneration they show for ancestral examples. Their histories, their romances, their traditions, their legends, and their poems keep the glorious exploits of their ancestry ever fresh in their memories, and every Greek wishes to live and die worthy of such illustrious fathers. We

have something better to emulate than they. The young Greek cherishes the memory of Solon, Pericles, Themistocles, Demosthenes, Socrates, Plato, and other names of surpassing lustre, but for real merit and goodness what are such names in comparison with those whom every young West Virginian may revere and emulate;—Washington, Henry, John Craig, and Charles Lewis.

The future of our great country will soon pass into the keeping of these very young people, for whose benefit these sketches are sincerely intended. Hence it is the genuine wish of all right feeling people that our sons and daughters may be such as one of God's holiest men of old prayed for:

“Rid me and free me from the hand of aliens whose mouth speak fraud, and whose right hand is a right hand of falsehood. So that our sons may be plants grown large in their youth; our daughters as corner stones, polished for the building of the temple.”

## A GEOLOGICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL, AND CLIMATOLOGICAL OUTLINE.

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### SECTION II.

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Our courteous readers are earnestly entreated to keep in mind a clear perception of this fact, that the world-renowned region whose history we are endeavoring to illustrate in some measure, reaches from the Ohio Valley to the Blue Ridge; from the Potomac to the head streams of New River and the Kentucky border.

Intellectual or scientific culture has been so highly developed in our times that for a writer to be up to date in writing up a region like ours, some facts pertaining to its geography, climate, soil, and geology are expected. Geography is a description of the surface as it appears at the present time, while geology takes into account not merely the present surface features but changes that may have affected the surface in the past, with whatever as far as may be known or understood lies beneath the surface.

Like geography, the climate deals mainly with present conditions, but geology opens up glimpses of climate that prevailed ages since. As to soil, when properly studied it will be found needful to know and ap-

ply the teachings of geography, geology, and climatology. Geology first claims attention, being older than present geography or climate.

Geology deals with the opinion, for which reasons may be deduced, or given from known phenomena that there was a time the heat of the earth was so intense that all substances beneath or upon its surface were in a molten state of fluidity, and whirled through illimitable space an incandescent, white-hot globe, composed of all the minerals. Its component elements,—iron, gold, silver, rock, all else whatsoever,—were molten, and consequently the earth was larger than now, and the nights and days were of greater length. After the passage of measureless cycles, the surface cooled forming a crust on the still hot globe that had been sparkling and scintillating, and then was the first appearance of “rock,” as the word is now understood.

At this first cooling the surface may have been rough, but there were no mountains of any marked altitude, for the crust was not strong enough to hold up any mountains such as now exist. All underneath still remained melted, and probably for unnumbered years after the crust began to form there was no rain, though the air was fuller of moisture than now. The rocky crust continued so hot that a drop of rain would be instantly changed to steam. But in the course of time the crust became cooler and showers began to form and fall. In respect to this period of our earth's history we have no guide but inferences from the teachings of astronomy, assisted in part by well known chemical facts. All attempts to describe our world at that pe-



riod must be philosophically conjectural or speculative, and all descriptions would be about as applicable to one part of the earth as another. So far as known to us, no eye but God's ever saw and recognized as such one square mile of the original crust of the incandescent globe in the form it congealed from the melted condition. As the ages rolled away some parts of the cooling earth were broken up by fire, rains, winds, and frosts, and buried other parts with the sedimentary sand thus formed.

There is convincing evidence to the effect that even now the cooling process has not proceeded very far; the surface has only attained a partial degree of coolness, while the interior mass is hotter than the most intense furnace heat. Large areas of the earth's surface have been affected by stupendous upheavals and depressions, and these are believed to be owing to the settling down of the solid rock crust in one place and the corresponding uplift in another. There is ample reason for thinking that at a distance of twenty miles or less beneath the surface the temperature would be that of molten iron. There is equally good reason for believing that twenty or thirty miles from the surface of the earth into space, on a line from the earth's centre, a temperature would be reached that the warmest day in those altitudes the thermometer would register a hundred or more degrees below zero.

This should impress us to notice how narrow are the limitations of all human life. Above us in what appears sunny regions, the measureless cold of space; beneath is the fire that feeds on solid rock.

There is geological information to the effect that in a well near Wheeling, West Virginia, the temperature at 4462 feet was 110 degrees; and a descent of less than a mile raised the temperature sixty degrees. In the vicinity of Pittsburg a well five thousand feet in depth had a temperature of 120 degrees. In Germany there is a well 5740 feet deep, which gives a temperature of 135 degrees. From all this it appears that only the outer crust of the earth is cool, and the interior characterized by intense heat. \*

Upon the crust of the earth becoming sufficiently cool, rains would wash down the higher portions, the sand and sediment thus gathered would be spread over the lower places. This sediment becoming hardened composed the first layers or strata of rock. Some of the oldest layers were very thick at the sea bottoms, and when heated from internal warmth were melted, the stratified feature disappeared, and then they were called "amorphic" or formless rocks. By some granite is regarded as a rock of this kind.

The earth in the process of cooling, shrank in proportion, and the surface became shriveled and wrinkled in folds, large and small. The largest of such folds were mountains, with the seas occupying the depressed places. About that period the first springs, streamlets and rivers appeared, feeling and threading their way wherever the best channel could be found. In the meantime it would still rain and be frosty too, and the rain and frost would attack the higher ridges, and the rocky slopes almost destitute of soil, and the washings would be borne to the seas, forming other layers of

rock on the bottoms, and so the accumulation kept on, with some diversity of rate at times, from that era to the present time 1901.

It comes so near being all, that we say that all rocks in this region were formed in the depths of the ocean; formed of sand, mud, and gravel, or of shells, or of a mixture of all, the ingredients of which were glued together with silica, iron, lime, or other mineral substances held in solution. These rocks when raised by upheaval from the water formed the dry land, and have been fashioned into valleys, ridges, gorges, and the various indentations of surface seen almost everywhere within the limits of West Virginia.

These primeval rocks are occasionally visible as "bed rock" in streams, and alluvial bottoms, and sometimes forming cliffs and tops of peaks and barren mountains, "bald knobs," and the like. But in our region the underlying rocks for the most part are hidden by soil. At the deepest, however, this soil is only a few feet thick, and were it all cleared away there would be visible everywhere a system of ledges and bowlders, conformable to every height and depression now making up the salient features of the surface; the thickness of these rocks in the aggregate about four miles. To the scientific mind this fact satisfies him, and he feels sure, until there is positive evidence to the contrary, that sand and shells four miles deep, in the past were spread out over the bottom of the sea, and these deposits after being hardened into rock by interior heat, were upheaved, and then arranged and cut into the valleys and rugged inequalities so apparent

to us all in this our day and generation.

Let it be remembered too that this stupendous rock building was not all done at one time, for this region, or much of it, has been several times under and above the sea, especially where the coal measures are found. Across it time after time has the coast line moved back and forth, this being shown by the rocks themselves.

The expert geologist is able to decide from the fossil shells and plants in a stratum the period of the earth's geological history when that layer was formed, and he can, moreover, determine, the oldest and the newest in a series of strata. And yet the fossil shells and plants may not be all at his command, for the position of the layers to one another is often a sure indication of the oldest and the newest, for the sedimentary sands having been deposited in layers one above another, it may be inferred those on top are not so old as the lower, unless it be in instances not usual or common in our region, where strata have been folded so much as to have been broken and turned over. In such an event, the older rocks may be found above the newer.

Unmeasured though the creative ages be, as recorded by the mountains and cliffs of our goodly land, still the most ancient of our visible ledges are young compared with the ledges of other localities in the world at large, or even of contiguous provinces. The Laurentian Rocks of Canada, more than five miles in thickness, formed like ours by the slow accumulation of sandy deposit, yet that series of rock formations was finished up, and possibly partly worn away, ere the first handful of sand, or the first shell of which anything is

now known to us by our rocks, had been placed at the bottom of the Cambrian Sea, under which West Virginia was submerged.

Here thoughts arise that stagger our powers of loftiest imagination. Because of the inconceivable ages required for depositing shell and sand four miles deep astounds the mind, what is to be thought of that vaster lapse of ages, pointing back to the cycles of the young world, all of which was passed, and left their impress in stone, before the corner stones of our Virginia mountains were placed by the architect of the universe. And what is more, this does not certainly bring us to the beginning as yet, for no expert geologist knows it for a fact that the Laurentian rocks are oldest of the layers, and if they should be, still back of them opens that nebulous era, penetrated only by astronomical light, during which the unstratified rocks were in process of formation, from whose pulverized and disintegrated material all subsequent formations have been built up.

The geological eras of special use for our present purpose are the Laurentian, Cambrian, Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous.

But meagre traces of the Laurentian period are visible in our State. So with us the Cambrian era is virtually the oldest, and our local interest in geological studies begin with it.

In the Cambrian era, there was a mass of land to the west of us, including what is now Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and beyond. On the east of us was another vast continent of land, reaching from Maine to South Caro-

lina, comprising what is now the Atlantic coastal plain, and extended eastward an indefinite distance, much of it being what is now the basin of the Atlantic Ocean. Between these two bodies of land in the Cambrian era there was a narrow sea from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Alabama. The trend or line of the eastern coast of that Cambrian sea is believed to have been what is now the general direction of the Blue Ridge range, and so West Virginia was at the bottom of that sea. This sea of ours seems to have survived the Cambrian age, the Silurian, the Devonian, and the Carboniferous.

During the Cambrian age, sand washed from the land forming the eastern coast, spread over the bottom of the sea and formed the lowest or oldest layer of rock found anywhere in West Virginia in anything like abundance. On this rock the West Virginia hills are built or founded. This Cambrian sandstone is so deeply covered as to be seen only in places where it is exposed by the folding of strata, or where rivers have eroded very deeply. For the most part the Cambrian rock is buried thousands of feet under subsequent formations. During the Silurian era the Cambrian sea seems to have commenced receding, and the washings of the uplands, it is probable, began to accumulate on the low plains and widening valleys as a deep fertile soil. In the meanwhile too, over a large part of West Virginia that was still under the sea, thick beds of limestone were formed of shells, mixed more or less with sediment.

Shell fish lived and died in the waters of the Cambrian sea during the Silurian period, and when dead

sank to the bottom. A consideration of this fact explains the diverse origin of sandstone and limestone. Limestone is the product of the sea, while sandstone is of material washed from the land into the sea, by rains and swollen streams. During the period denoted by the close of the Cambrian and the beginning of the Silurian eras, the limestone deposits formed beds from three to four thousand feet in thickness.

Afterwards when that part of the Cambrian sea was separated from the Gulf of St Lawrence by an upheaval in what is now the state of New York the Devonian age was ushered in, which was a wonderful rock builder in the north. In Pennsylvania the Devonian rocks were nine thousand feet thick; in parts of West Virginia seven thousand feet; in southern Tennessee twenty-five feet; and the Devonian rocks disappeared in Alabama.

The sediments forming the Devonian rocks were fine grained, and formed shales, medium sandstones, and some limestone occasionally. When the tedious, wearisome Devonian era came to a close, it was succeeded by the Carboniferous geological age.

It was during the Carboniferous period occurred the longest summer that has ever been, when over the northern hemisphere there was no winter, and there was a season of vegetation and plant growth such as had never occurred on earth previously, or would ever occur again, in all probability. It was during this phenomenal summer that our coal fields were formed. In the Carboniferous era the deposits ranged from two thousand to eight thousand feet in thickness in different

parts of the state of West Virginia. Moreover there is evidence that there was during this period a breaking up and redistribution of a vast gravel bar that had been somewhere out of the reach of the waves far since the earlier ages. This aggregation was composed of quartz pebbles, in sizes varying from a grain of sand to that of a cocoanut, all worn and polished as if rolled and fretted in turbulent mountain streams or by the waves on the beach for centuries. By some means or other these pebbles were spread in layers in the depth of the sea, thousands feet thick, and were cemented together forming coarse, hard rocks, and known as "conglomerate," "pudding-stone," "bean-rock," and "mill-stone grit."

A heavy stratum of those stones forms the floor of the coal formations. It is the opinion of some geologists that the pebbles represent the most indestructible remnants of mountains once abounding in quartz veins, but were washed away before the middle or the carboniferous era.

The hard quartz resisted the grinding process that pulverized the other rocks and remained as pebbles in beds or bars until some great upheaval or depression swept them into the sea and spread them out in layers. Their quantity was simply wonderful, for rocks composed of them cover to a considerable depth thousands of square miles.

The distinguishing product of the Carboniferous age were the coal formations that were placed while the Cambrian Sea was undergoing the convulsions and upheavals that permitted West Virginia to emerge from



the depths of sea and become the "goodly land" it now appears. It was a fearful collision of the elements. The basin of the sea was raised up, became dry land then was again submerged in the deep and gloomy recesses of the Cambrian Sea.

A mighty effort was apparently made by the land to repel the waters that had so long maintained the supremacy. The contest was of vast proportions and long continued, during which first the land then the waves had the advantage.

Backward and forward for hundreds of miles would the Cambrian Sea alternately rise and recede. The struggle was prolonged for myriads of years but finally the land prevailed and the Cambrian billowy contestant in the strife retreated to the west and south as far as the Mexican Gulf.

Victorious West Virginia became dry land and has thus remained to this hour, so well has she maintained her position.

While these changes from sea to land and from land to sea were going on during a part of the Carboniferous age the coal fields were being formed, Unlike the rock formations, coal beds are made above the water or at its immediate surface. These deposits are formed of the trees and plants of varied kinds which grew so excessively luxuriantly during that longest summer time of the ages mentioned elsewhere as prevailing over the northern half of our planet in the Devonian period.

Every coal mine represents some morass, large or small, wherein plants and trees of fabulous size grew,

fell and were buried for ages. The areas in which the coals were in process of formation were probably depressed and occasionally submerged for some thousands of years, and during the submergency sand and mud settled over it and hardened into stone. And when the hardened deposit would be uplifted materials for another coal deposit would accumulate.

This alternation of coal and rocks means an alternate upheaval and submergence of the land, the coal being formed on land, the rocks in the water. This alternation occurred during the period when the Cambrian Sea, successively advanced or receded across West Virginia while the Carboniferous era was slowly nearing its eventful termination.

There were other geologic periods after the Carboniferous, but they need not be specially noticed in a book like this, because very limited traces remain of their existence in our region. The reason why this should be the case seems to be that after the Carboniferous period West Virginia land was above the sea and therefore no sediment could be deposited to form rocks, and so there would be comparatively little for a lasting record to be impressed.

From the Cambrian age to the Carboniferous, the strata underneath West Virginia becomes thicker and deeper.

From the Carboniferous era to the present era, from the recession of the Cambrian waters, the layers of rock have been modified by the wearing and tearing of the elemental collisions and so the aggregate kept becoming thinner and thinner. And so the strata have been

folded, upraised by subterranean explosions and worn away by the erosive influences of flowing streams. There are places where the Carboniferous have not been worn away; while there are other places where river gorges have reached the lower of the Devonian rocks. In some other localities the vast silurian layers have been penetrated, and in some places the penetration has deeply reached the Cambrian rocks.

As to the glacial age, which was the counterpart of the summer age, during which our coals were formed, but little remains in West Virginia to show that this empire of steadfast, inconceivable cold once swayed its ice sceptre in our region. There is but little reason to doubt, however, that during the glacial era the cold in West Virginia was intense, and there may have been glaciers among the highlands, but all traces wellnigh erased,

Hu Maxwell, a distinguished West Virginia student and writer, seems to have a passion for geological themes, and thus expresses himself:

“When we look out upon our great valleys, the Kanawha, the Potomac, the Monongahela, or contemplate our mountains, rugged and near, or robed in distant blue, rising and rolling, range beyond range, peak above peak; cliffs overhanging gorges and ravines; meadows and uplands; glades beyond, with brooks and rivers; the landscape fringed with flowers and clothed with forests; we are too apt to pause before fancy has time to call up that strange and wonderful panorama of distant ages when the waves of a vast sea swept over all, or when only broken and angular

rocks thrust their shoulders through the foam of the ocean as it broke against the nearly submerged ledges where since have risen the highest peaks of the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge.

“Here where we now live have been strange scenes. Here have been beauty, awfulness, and sublimity, and also destruction. There was a long age with no winter. Gigantic ferns and rare palms, enormous in size and delicate leaves and tendrils, flourished over wide areas and vanished. And there was a time when for ages there was no summer. But we know of this from records elsewhere, for its record in West Virginia has been blotted out. Landscapes have disappeared. Fertile valleys and undulating hills with soil deep and fruitful have been washed away, leaving only a rocky skeleton; and in many places even this has been ground to powder and carried away, or buried under sands and drift from other regions.”

This is about the most about geological themes we have room for in these pages.

Let it be noticed however, before the subject is dismissed, that what has been written about the geological history of our home region may grate somewhat strangely and even harshly on the minds of some of our more devout, Bible loving readers. Unless these readers be superior in mental balance to a great many eminent writers of the remote as well as the recent past, of Biblical interpretation, these readers will feel that such geological views jeopardize the integrity and even the truth of Bible teachings, in the estimation of all persons who may incline to believe geological history of the creation as the writer does.

The expression "In the beginning God created," is capable of two interpretations. One might mean "beginning" in the absolute sense, before all worlds whatsoever,—the "unbeginning beginning," as Augustine termed it. This is the "beginning" of which Wisdom seems to be speaking in Proverbs (7, 22-31), as if that beginning was everlasting.

Then there is another explanation which gives to the phrase "in the beginning" a relative significance. In this sense it would mean the beginning of time, when the creation of matter began, when the heavens and the earth were brought into existence in their first form, and thus it marks the initial time period of history. But the "unbeginning beginning" refers to that mysterious beginning mentioned in the first verse of John's gospel, when the "word was toward God, and the word was God." The "beginning beginning" marks a period when God made a beginning in his governmental relations with the universe, and it is the "beginning" referred to in Genesis; first chapter and first verse.

It should soothe all anxious fears about Bible truth being dimmed by geological facts to remember that the Historic Bible only dates its events from the "genesis" of all things, and its reconstruction from confusion and emptiness when the Spirit of God brooded upon the waters. Bible history passes from creation in the "beginning beginning" clear across inconceivably vast cycles of changes to the period of reconstruction and completion by one single leap. Bible history simply states that in the beginning God created the heavens

and the earth. Then the whole of the creative ages, the geologic periods intervening down to the creation of man, are passed over in silence. When the time arrived for man to appear, then it was God made kosmic order out of chaotic confusion. And here begins inspired history, written by Moses "the man of God," the higher professional critics to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Our worthy readers will please fix this idea in their memories, that there are three initial points to be observed: first the "unbeginning beginning" of John's Gospel, 1st verse; second, the beginning made by God in the creation of the matter of the universe, the heavens and the earth; third, the beginning of the present order of things, with man at the head, as made known to us by Moses. Then moreover the reader will please observe that we not only have history in the Bible but prophecy also.

The historic Bible reveals what we ought to know of the world before the creation of man, while the prophetic Bible reveals what is best for us to know of the hidden future of this present creation, and what is to come after the present creation shall have fulfilled its purpose and shall have passed away. Consequently this truly wonderful Book of all books tells of a palinogenesis—a regeneration—of the heavens and the earth—a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

In Mathew (19, 29) our Lord speaks of the palinogenesis, or new order of things to be set in motion and established in the universe.

Peter foretells the heat and fire out of which the earth will emerge in "the day of God."—(2 Peter, 3c).

John with his eagle vision beheld the future and tells of the unbounded and endless life, peace, and happiness of the age yet to come. (Rev. 21, 1-8.)

One of the Wesleys speaks of the Bible in this manner: "The Bible is here as a fact. Only three ways to get here, written by bad men or good men, or by the inspiration of God. Bad men would not write it; good men would not palm off a fraud; and so it must have been written by holy men as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

Unless the reader be superior in mental balance to a large number of eminent writers on Biblical interpretation, in the more remote as well as the quite recent past, these readers will feel that such geological views jeopardize the influences of Bible teachings on the minds of all who may be inclined to adopt them as true. Now let it be remembered that the phrase "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth" is susceptible of two interpretations, which have been mentioned elsewhere. Thus viewed, the historic Bible with its "genesis" of the heavens and the earth, leads us to the period when God pronounced the results of His creative ages to be very good.

At this juncture; strangely and mysteriously a something occurred of which Milton speaks:

"Earth felt the wound,  
And sighing throughout her mighty frame  
Gave signs of woe, that all was lost."

Henceforth the prophetic Bible deals mainly with God's redemptive ages and dealings with man. "The heavens, even the heavens are the Lord's, but the earth hath he given to the children of men."

The Prophetic Bible opens with these words: "And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel."

Now with its palingenesis and redemptive ages, the prophetic Bible leads us to and leaves us at the place where the "seed of the woman," whose testimony is the spirit of prophecy, proclaims: "Surely I come quickly. Amen." To this the loved disciple responds "Even so come, Lord Jesus." As the seal is stamped and the prophetic Bible closes up, the unending ending is ushered in.

The devout Bible reader realizes that though eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the intellect of man to conceive of the things God hath prepared for those who love him, yet the spirit of the Lord in the prophetic Bible has afforded such glimpses and premonitions that the now unseeable, unhearable, and unthinkable prepared things are virtually revealed. To those receiving what is written with implicit trust, the Bible imparts a hopeful assurance that is unspeakable and full of glory, as well as a peace that passes all understanding. Beloved reader, may it



be yours as well as mine to taste and see that the prophetic Bible is good, as well as the historic Bible.

Let every kindred, every tribe  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting throng  
And crown Him Lord of All!

By Him all things consist, and without Him was not anything made that was made.

Passing on from this brief consideration of the geological history of our region, something will now be said of the geographical features for which West Virginia is so widely and justly celebrated.

In forming and modifying the surface features of our state two movements have been at work, one vertical, the other horizontal. The vertical movement elevated extensive areas and formed plateaus not mountains; the horizontal movement folded and doubled up the strata of rocks, and these foldings, when sufficiently large, are the mountain ranges, and in our region both of these movements have acted in the same area.

By a sweep of the imagination let us think of the West Virginia mountains as being so leveled as to form a plain surface. Such a surface when examined would show that West Virginia has a dome-like surface gradually rising from three or more directions.

This imagined surface form, without the mountains, is what has been imparted by vertical upheavals, that have occurred since the Carboniferous age, unmodified by the horizontal movement. This dome-shaped form shows a great swelling of the surface, coming to an apex at the interblending sources of the Potomac, East Monongahela, Cheat, Elk, James, and Greenbrier rivers, for the highest point of the surface must needs be indicated by the varied courses of the rivers, thus showing that the surface through which they flow slopes in various directions.

Now from this imagined surface, with the mountains all brought low, it appears manifestly that even without mountain ranges, parts of West Virginia would be still high, and this being the fact, it becomes interesting to inquire how our mountain ranges were formed, and why nearly all the highest summits can be grouped in a few counties.

The layers of rock were pushed horizontally by two forces, one from the northwest, the other from the southeast. Rains and streams have been disintegrating, carving these mountains so formed by these pushings and foldings, somewhat modifying their original aspects, but leaving their main characteristics. The first upheaval was vertical, and from it the surface of West Virginia assumed the dome-like contour, as has been imagined by us a little while ago. The next upheaval caused by a horizontal pressure folded the layers of rock that formed the dome-like surface, and thus made mountain ranges.

Now if we keep in mind that these mountain ranges

in crossing the original surface after the first vertical upheaval, ran up one slope, across the summit and then down the opposite slope, it is readily understood why there should be so many of the highest points grouped in an area so limited. Measured from the general level of the country where they stand, the West Virginia mountains are from one thousand to two thousand feet in altitude.

The general level itself, however, at the highest part is about three thousand feet above sea level and thus it is a mountain one thousand feet high where it stands on a base three times as high will tower four thousand feet above the sea, and so it follows that the highest peaks in our state are found where the ranges cross the most elevated parts of the plateau or general level. Hence we perceive the reason why the highest peaks cluster about the head springs of the Greenbrier, Monongahela and Potomac Rivers.

The most elevated point in our State is Spruce mountain in Pendleton County, which stands 4,860 feet above the sea.

The lowest point is found in the Potomac Channel at Harper's Ferry, 260 feet above sea level. The difference between Spruce Mountain and Harpers Ferry is 4,600 feet, which difference indicates the vertical range.

The general level of Pocahontas County is about 3000 feet above the sea. Where it enters Pocahontas the bed of the Greenbrier is 3300 feet above the sea, which is 300 feet lower than the point where Shavers Fork of Cheat River leaves Pocahontas.

Among the peaks grouped about the river sources of

our State, the following are in our own county: Bald Knob, 4800; Mace Knob, 4760; Spruce Knob, 4700; Bear Mountain, 4600; Elleber Ridge, 4600; Watering Pond Knob, 4600.

Scientists are not fully assured whether the vertical upheaval that raised the West Virginia plateau, or the horizontal compression that elevated the mountains has yet ceased, or not. On one point, however they seem agreed, and that is the work of tearing down is not at rest. To persons versed in scientific researches and observations it seems very certain that mountains, hills, cliffs, uplands, even the valleys and the whole system of underlying rock must ultimately pass away and their materials be spread over the basin of some sea. Rains and frosts, stormy winds, and unforeseen chemical processes will complete the work of disintegration. What seems to the eye everlasting rock will become sand, which will go out with the currents and channels of our rivers until the streams themselves no longer have currents, lost in some all prevailing sea.

As to the climatology of our region, observations and tabulated comparisons show a greater diversity in West Virginia than in almost any other section of the United States of like limits.

West of the Alleghanies the climate differs materially from that east of the range, while in the elevated region between east and west the phases of climate are different from either. The dome-like topographic feature characteristic of the State's surface is largely responsible for this climatic diversity in an area so very limited. As a result the vertical range is over four

thousand feet which places a portion of the land to intercept the westerly currents of air, and another portion to catch the eastern winds, while still other parts are so situated as to be exposed to every wind that blows. As a rule the sections east of the Alleghanies have a warmer and dryer climate. In the mountain localities the summers are rarely very hot if ever, while the winters are usually very cold. Near the highest Alleghanies the thermometer some times falls 30 degrees below zero, while the highest temperature in summer is seldom above 90 degrees.

There are traditional reports of a snow in 1780 in the northwest part of the State that was more than three feet on the level. In 1831 at an elevation of 1000 feet there was a three foot snow between the mountains and the Ohio River. In 1856 at an elevation of 1500 feet there was a forty-two inch snow along the mountains and valleys west of the Alleghanies. Indications of snows six or eight feet deep have been seen near the summits of high mountains, where stumps of trees have been seen eight or more feet high, cut for browse or fuel while the snow was encrusted. In the same region west of the mountains on May 5, 1854, a four inch snow fell. In 1854 the summer west of the mountains was almost rainless.

The dryest summer spoken of in Pocahontas was in 1838. Swamp deposits became so dry as to burn like punk, and when ignited would smoulder and smoke like charcoal pits. June 5, 1859 frost killed almost every green thing in the interior and northern parts of the state. In the Little Levels corn with four or more

blades was frost bitten at that time. Some of it was saved by persons clipping the frosted blades with shears.

As to rainfall the annual average for the whole State including melted snow is about 47 inches. West of the mountains the precipitation is greater than it is in the east, but on the western side of these mountains near the crests is the greater precipitation.

There are two directions whence the rains and snows of this region usually come—the east or the west-south west, while partial or local storms may arrive from any point of the compass. In the main, eastern storms are limited to the region east of the Alleghanies since the clouds that bring the rains come from the Atlantic Ocean. The two systems of rains that characterize West Virginia climatology have for their dividing line the uplands following the summits of the Appalachian Range from Canada well nigh to the Gulf of Mexico. The clouds from the Atlantic move up and over the gentle slope from the coast line of the Atlantic to the mountains, precipitating rain or snow as they float along the air currents. Upon reaching the abrupt eastern face of the Alleghanies, exhausting their force of propulsion, and giving out what remains of their moisture, rarely ever cross to the west side. From this it appears that the Blue Ridge is not sufficient to repel or seriously interfere with the transition of the clouds over their serrated summits, while the Alleghanies are barriers against eastern storms especially. Sometimes there are terrific rainstorms about midway to the summits as the clouds strike and break upon the rugged

sides, while at the summit little or no rain falls. It was upon such an occasion that persons now living in our county looked down upon from Paddy's Knob, one of notable Alleghany peaks on the northeast border of Pocahontas county. During this terrific tempest they saw lightning flash and play, heard the thunders crash and reverberate beneath them. It has been observed too that clouds crossing high mountains rarely precipitate much rain on the leeward side of the propelling currents of air.

Let this study of climatology be closed by an inquiry where originate the rains and whence do they come to western part of our State. These rains do not come from the Atlantic for the Alleghanies are in the way of the clouds, and winds that bring rain to the western section blow towards, not from the Atlantic and repels the clouds from that source of rain supply. It is moreover a well ascertained fact that scarcely an appreciable portion of the rainfall over the world at large is ever taken up from the land. Though it may be true that it matters not where rain or snow is known to fall it is from vapor drawn up by the sun chiefly from lakes seas and oceans. In settling the question as to the rain and snow supply for the western slope of our mountain State, which irrigates the lands to the Ohio and indefinitely the regions beyond, the most available method in reach is to take the bearings of the currents of air on which the clouds are wafted, and trace them to their place of starting. The bearing of these rain bringing currents of air is something west of southwest. In tracing this bearing our readers are led to

the Pacific ocean on the Mexican coast, whence the Equator would be reached in the course of two or three thousand miles. Upon touching the Equator turn at right angles and a thousand miles farther in this southeasterly course, that part of the Pacific would be reached which extends from South America to Australia and most probably that here our readers would find themselves at or very near the starting point whence the winds start on their mission of carrying the rains and the snows that we receive on the western slopes of our state. It would require more time and space to elaborate the evidence that favors this opinion than can be spared in these sketches, so accurate and complicated it is in the scientific observations and inductions required. So let it suffice or satisfy us to know surely that the vast atmospheric systems of currents and counter currents have been traced and recorded on charts until they are nearly as well known as are the courses of the rivers on the continents of our earth.

Reflecting minds are very profoundly impressed when they observe the rains pouring down in summer showers, or the snowflakes gyrating in the wintry storms, by thinking of the distance passed over by the clouds overhead, and the burden carried, that is represented by a sheet of water nearly four feet deep and spread over a surface of twenty thousand square miles. All this too lifted from the South Pacific ocean by the sunbeams and every year borne through the air ten thousand miles and poured in blessed profusion on hill, mountain, vales, meadows, and gardens making them pleasing fruitful and "filling our mouths with good things."



## DISTINCTIVE NATURAL FEATURES, MINERAL SPRINGS, STREAMS.—PIONEER METHODS AND SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

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### SECTION III

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From now on we will devote ourselves strictly to the limits of Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Preliminary words on the outlines of general history, and what was written concerning geological, geographical, and climatological features characteristic of the region wherein Pocahontas forms a conspicuous feature, were all intended to impress ourselves and readers with some idea how wonderfully the lines of habitation had fallen to our pioneer ancestors in such a remarkable region, and what a goodly heritage is ours could we but justly appreciate it all.

By an act of the Virginia Legislature at Richmond, assembled in 1821, Pocahontas County was formed of territory detached from the counties of Bath, Pendleton and Randolph aggregating 820 square miles. Colonel John Baxter of Stony Creek was very active in bringing about the organization of the new county. Two counties were provided for, one to be named Alleghany, the other Pocahontas. The intention was to name the county embracing the crown of the Alleghanies, "Alleghany," the other lower down "Pocahontas,"

but owing to a clerical oversight the intended names were interchanged.

The geographical position of our county, is defined from 37 degrees 40 minutes to 38 degrees 45 minutes North Latitude; from 79 degrees, 35 minutes to 80 degrees 24 minutes West Longitude. Approximately, Marlinton's geographical position is indicated by the intersection of N. L. 38 degrees 13 minutes and W. L. 80 degrees 8 minutes. The true meridian station mark of sandstone is located in the courthouse grounds 11.9 feet north-east of courthouse steps. The distant mark, north of station mark 957.5 feet on south side of Marlin's Mountain. August 16, 1898, the magnetic declination was 3 degrees, 31 minutes W. Mean annual change 3 seconds approximately.

Pocahontas is an eastern border county' Alleghany top being the line between Pocahontas and Virginia. From the centre of West Virginia Pocahontas county is located to the south-east. Among the distinctive features of the north portion of this county is the fact of its being a part of the high region where nearly every river system of the Virginias find their head springs. The entire county has a great elevation, some of the highest peaks in the State being within its limits. Greenbrier River rises in the north highlands and flows for the entire length of the county through the central portions. Williams River is in the western part of the county, and joins the Gauley in Webster County. In the eastern limits of the county is Knapps Creek, rising in the Alleghany in the vicinity of Frost, and joins the Greenbrier at Marlinton. This junction

of streams, where the bright waters meet, forms the rich alluvial delta where the first corn ripened in Pocahontas, and on which Marlinton is bullding up.

Deer Creek and Sitlingtons Creek from the east; Leatherbark, Warwicks Run, and Clover Creek from the west are important tributaries to the Greenbrier, in north Pocahontas. In central Pocahontas, Thorny Creek and Knapps Creek, with its branches Douthards and Cochran's creeks, Cumming's aud Brown's creeks, from the east; Stony Creek and Swago Creek from the west are the main tributaries of the Greenbrier. In south Pocahontas, Stamping Creek and Locust Creek, and Trough Run from the west, and Beaver Creek, Laurel Run, and Spice Run from the east are the tributaries of Greenbrier River.

The Elk region in the northwest is drained by the Old Field Fork, Slaty Fork, and Big Spring Branch of Elk River.

Concerning Knapps Creek, there is an interesting tradition to the effect that it derives its name from Knapp Gregory, believed to be the person of solitary, eccentric habits, who reported to parties in the lower Valley of Virginia that he had seen water flowing towards the west, which report led to Marlin and Sewall's exploration of this region and their locating at Marlin's Bottom, 1749.

The site of Knapp Gregory's cabin is near the public road about opposite Mr Peter L. Cleek's residence, two miles from Driscol. Traces of the fireplace and the dimensions of the cabin yet visible. Early in spring the grass appears here more luxuriantly than

elsewhere and earlier, for the spot seems to be especially fertile, an often observed characteristic of places where buildings have disappeared by gradual decay.

Knapp Gregory is reported to have disappeared from the Creek suddenly and mysteriously. When seen last he was in pursuit of a deer near the Lockridge fording. It was supposed by some that he might have been drowned, while others suspect that he may have been killed and robbed by some suspicious looking characters that had been seen about the same time, by scouts from Augusta County.

East Pocahontas is mountainous and in former years heavily timbered with white pine and much other valuable timber, and abounds in iron ores. Central Pocahontas consists largely of limestone lands, much of it is nicely cleared, and cultivated in grains and grasses. West Pocahontas has more mountains, vast forests of timber of varied valuable kinds, and the indications are to the effect that much coal of great commercial value is ready for development. Heretofore this region was called the Wilderness, or Wilds of Pocahontas, having been, comparatively speaking, an unbroken and wellnigh an impenetrable region.

Throughout Pocahontas County there is such an abundance of purest, freshest waters as beggars all ordinary powers of description. Literally it is a land of "springs and fountains," beyond the dreams of poetic diction to portray realistically. Some of these springs gushing from the earth, even in midsummer show undiminished volume, and with a temperature but little above that of iced water. The entire county

is seemingly underlaid with vast reservoirs, whose dimensions puzzle the imagination, for from the level land as well as from the mountain sides pour forth great springs, many of them with volume sufficient to propel water mills. Larger streams thus starting from a hill-side sometimes disappear, only to appear elsewhere from some unexpected opening in the earth. Of this it is believed that Locust Creek furnishes a notable example in its relation to Hills Creek.

Among the mineral springs for which this county may soon become famous, mention may be made of the Lockridge Spring, near Driscot; the Curry Meadow Springs, at Huntersville. James E. A. Gibbs, the sewing machine lock-stitch inventor, when a young man in delicate health, was employed to build a barn for William Fertig, forty or fifty years ago, a short distance below the Curry Spring. While at work he used the water because it was convenient to get at. To his grateful surprise his health improved and he became a vigorous person, and yet lives to pay a tribute for what this water was the means of doing for the benefit of his health.

The Peter McCarty group or springs at the head of Brown's Creek, four miles from Huntersville; the Pritchard and Price Springs at Dunmore, three miles from Forrest Station on the Greenbrier Railroad; the Spring-House spring near the head of Clover Creek. All these Springs have a local reputation for remarkable cures and they seem to be analogous in their properties to the Capon Spring in Hampshire County.

Dr J. B. Lockridge had Prof Mallett, of the Vir-

ginia University, to make a qualitative analysis of the Driscoll Spring. Like the Capon Springs, the Driscoll Spring has been found to contain silicic acid, soda, magnesia, bromine, iodine, and carbonic acid, and therefore good for bathing and drinking, promising relief for rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, dropsical affection, calculus, and renal troubles. Within the radius of a mile of Dunmore are the Moore Blue Sulphur spring, the Kerr magnesia, and chalybeate water.

Near Edray several mineral springs are known and for more than fifty years have been used with beneficial results, such as the Warwick sulphur, Duffield chalybeate, Duncan's chalybeate, and Smith's magnesia, on the west branch of the Indian Draft; Clover Lick Salt Spring, Moore's magnesia Spring, near Marlinton; Moore's alum spring, or as some call it, natural lemonade spring on Brown's Creek. On Laurel Run, four or five miles, east of Hillsboro, is a remarkable group of springs, consisting of a fresh water spring and a purple sulphur spring welling up from the same rock within a radius of a yard or so. The effects of these springs used to be the wonder of the gossips and wet nurses fifty years ago.

In the matter of natural scenery Pocahontas County can display some charming mountain views from points like Droop Mountain Summit, where the Lewisburg Pike reaches it and overlooks Hillsboro and vicinity; Gibson's Knob, overlooking Clover Lick, a point from which, under favorable conditions of weather and sky, House Mountain in Rockbridge and the Peaks of Otter

may be discerned. Several years ago, about the time a new tin roof was placed on Lexington Court - House the late William Gibson saw the scintillations of reflected sunlight. The distance to Lexington is about eighty miles; Peaks of Otter, one hundred and ten. Grassy Knob, near Greenbank; Paddy's Knob, east of Frost; Kee Rocks, and Buck Knob, overlooking Marlinton, and the High Rocks, overlooking Millpoint and vicinity; the "Bend," overlooking Edray; Mount Seeall, overlooking the Hills and Knapp's Creek Valleys; Briery Knob, that looms up so visably in lower Pocahontas, all afford prospects to be appreciated must be seen and enjoyed. The sunrise prospects challenge description worthy of the best endeavors of Ruskin or a Maurice Thompson to put in words.

Some four or five years since two ministers had occasion to travel over the Drooping Mountain at an early hour. This mountain overlooks much of southern Pocahontas and northern Greenbrier, commanding an entrancing view of Hillsboro and its charming rural surroundings of Groves, fields and orchards. It was very misty on the morning referred to, and as the ministerial equestrians passed from Hillsboro their view was shut off on every side by the dense vapory barriers. They slowly ascended the broad but devious road up the mountain side towards the summit. Upon reaching the crest of the mountain the sun was seen some hours high in all its glorious power and light. If the Psalmist had been there he would have spoken of the sun as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber and rejoicing as a strong man ready to roll

away the mists that were over the hills, the vales and streams, keeping them from view. We paused at the point most favorable for our outlook, and time was spent contemplating the scene, feeling that we knew of no words that would at that moment fitly express our emotions. In the meantime a radiant power more than ninety million miles away had come and was working miracles all about us. The vast surface of the lake-like cloud beneath our feet began to rise and roll like the waves of a miniature ocean, and the sunbeams beautified all these white waves. They seemed to gather themselves into Delectable Hills, and from their radiant tops spires of vapors enchanting with nameless beauties reached upward towards the sun. And as one would tower above others near, it seemed to draw them along with itself till all had vanished in upward viewless flight. Drops of dissolving mist were on the leaves. Like pearls they hung the bushes with brilliants, and shone like diamonds on the grass.—Had that morning been without cloudy mists, the morning scene would have been divested of more than half of its unspeakable beauties and suggestive lessons. Such a scene as was witnessed by those ministerial friends on Drooping Mountain was well fitted to remind them, and all others who pause, and think upon like morning scenes amid our mountains, of the fact that it was when alone upon a mountain that Elijah saw the glory of the Lord. It was when alone upon the mountain “the Lord spoke unto Moses as a man speaketh unto his friend. Then and there Moses received the promise of final rest. A piously intelligent person while



visiting alone, the mountains of Switzerland, wrote in this manner to friends at home, "It is good to be among the mountains alone—good for both the mind and heart." It seems to be almost universally conceded that mountain solitudes are very conducive towards developing elevated types of piety rightly improved. By this, however, is not meant that christians or those desiring to be christians are nearer to heaven, in place, upon mountain tops than in their homes in the valleys and chambers for secret prayer, though on the mountain tops they be seemingly and impressively nearer the blue sky and its starry gems. When the mind is in a devotional receptive mood there is something very congenial between the mountain tops and prayer and spiritual glory.

Where every thing seems to be more or less unique, as in Pocahontas, natural curiosities individually do not cut much figure, yet special mention may be made of the cliffs at the end of Droop Mountain, which have but recently become famous, and will be one of the features of tourists entering our county by rail up the Greenbrier; the "Ice Cave" of Droop Mountain, the "Cranberry Meadows" west of Hillsboro; the Falls of Hills Creek; the Turkey Buzzard Cave, near Mt Vernon, the Black Hole near Linwood, the Saltpetre Cave at the head of Swago Creek; the Overholt Blowing Cave, surpassing the historic Windy Cove of Old Millboro in Bath, near McClintic's Mill, four miles from Marlinton; the stone footlog and rock parlor table at the head of the Dry Branch of Swago; the Buttermilk Spring on Gauley, about opposite Gibson's

across the mountains; and "Gun Boat Rock," near Split Rock.

Killing frosts early and late made the working of land a precarious source of subsistence until a comparatively recent period in the history of our county. As late as 1810, the fact that corn would ripen at Marlin's Bottom enough to be fit for meal was nearly a year's wonder. Gardens for onions, parsnips, cucumbers, pumpkins, and turnips; patches for buckwheat, corn, beans, and potatoes, for many years comprised the most of pioneer farming enterprise in the way of supplementing their supplies of game and fish. The implements used for clearing and cultivating these gardens and truck patches were of home manufacture, and for the most part rather rudely constructed, as mere makeshifts are apt to be.

The people were very frequently molested when at work, by the Indians. And on this account the men would carry their guns with them and have them always in ready reach, and while at work they would be on the look out lest cunning scouts in ambush would shoot them down while at their endeavors to win their living in the sweat of their faces.

It being scarcely possible to keep a work horse because of the raiding Indians, most of the labor of farming had to be done with hoes. In course of time when horses and oxen could be kept and used, plows were in demand. The first plows were made entirely of seasoned hardwood. An improvement was made by attaching an iron plate to the plowing beam, and the "shovel plow" was evolved.

To smooth and pulverize the earth for planting, the place of the harrow was supplied by a crabapple tree or a blackthorn bush, pressed down by heavy pieces of wood fastened on by hickory withes or strips of leatherbark, and some nice work was done by these extemporized harrows. The first harrows that superseded the crab and blackthorn, had wooden frames shaped like a big A, and the teeth being made of seasoned hickory or white oak.

The first scythes that were used to cut the meadows were hand-made by the neighborhood blacksmith, and were hammered out instead of whetted to put them in cutting order. The sneathes were straight sticks, and in mowing the mowers were bent into horizontal, semi-lunar fardel shapes, as if they were looking for holes in the ground, or snakes in the grassy weeds.

For handling hay or grain, forks were made of bifurcated saplings of maple or dogwood, carefully peeled and well seasoned. The writer remembers with pleasure a dogwood fork presented to him by his father, and this fork compared with the hickory rod kept in pickle for lazy, absent-minded boys, was a thing of beauty and the joy of many a summer day in the meadows. It became smooth as ivory, and was the last of wooden forks I have ever seen used, and the last shocks I built with it were in the meadow just above the Island, more than fifty years ago.

When the pioneers came to need more land than mere patches, they would chop three or four acres "smack smooth" and a log rolling was in order. By invitation the neighbors for miles would meet with

their teams of horses or oxen, to assist in putting up logheaps for burning. This being done a feast was enjoyed, and all returned homewards.

The next thing was to burn the heaps. Outside the clearing a wide belt was raked inwardly to prevent the fire from "getting away." The preferred time for using fire was usually some night when all would be still and calm. The first thing was to burn the clearing over, thus making way with smaller brush, undergrowth, and other "trash." It was an impressive sight to witness as the smoke and flames of the burning heaps arose like pillars of fire by night, while the men, sweaty and sooty, passed among them keeping up the fires.

Another interesting pioneer social gathering was the "raising" of the dwelling or a barn. Nothing pecuniary was expected, simply a return of like service when notified. "Huskings" were popular at a certain period. In some communities they would come off in the day as a matter of business, not recreation or frolic. But the typical "husking" was prepared for with some elaborate preparation. The ears would be pulled from the stalks, husks and all, and placed in ricks. This "husking" usually came off on some moon lighted night. A managing "boss" was chosen who arranged the men on opposite sides of the rick, and the contest was who would be the first to break over the crest line. Finding a red ear was considered good luck and so every ear would be noticed as it was broken off. Whoever scored the most red ears was the champion of the "husking bee." While the fathers and sons were thus

laboriously but joyously disporting themselves at the corn ricks, the mothers and daughters were gathered at the house, some cooking, others busy at the "quilting." About 10 or 11 o'clock the "husking" and the "quilting" were suspended, supper served and then came the "hoe down," wherein heavy stumbling toes would be tripped to the notes of a screeching unruly violin, such fiddling was called "choking the goose," or when there was no fiddle in evidence some one only "patted Juba" about as distinctly as the trotting of a horse over a bridge.

As a rule pioneer festivities were orderly, yet once in a while there would be a few persons at the huskings who prided themselves in being and doing ugly. Somewhere about the premises there was some body or some thing that they would speak of as "Black Betty." After a few clandestine visits to where "Black Betty" was, the consequences would be that colored Elizabeth with her songs, yellings and a few fights would get in her work, and thereupon a fistcuff or two would impart interest to the gathering, and make the occasion the talk of the neighborhood until some other exciting matter came around.

In the early times now under consideration it was an essential matter that about every thing needed for comfortable use about the home should be home made or at least somewhere in the immediate neighborhood. Thus it came that pioneer wives and daughters were not only ornamental but exceedingly useful in promoting the comforts and attractions of their homes by the skill of their willing hands. Every household of any

pretensions to independence or thrift had a loom, spinning wheels, little and big, a flax breaker, sheep shears wool cards, and whatever else needful for changing wool and flax into clothing and blankets.

Sheep were raised on the farms and were usually sheared by the girls and boys. The wives and daughters would thereupon scour, card, spin, weave and knit the fleeces into clothing:

The flax was grown in the "flax patch," usually a choice bit of ground. When ripe the flax was pulled by hand, spread in layers until dry upon the ground where it had been pulled, then bound in bundles, carried away and spread very neatly over the cleanest and nicest sod to be found, most commonly the aftermath of the meadow. Here it remained with an occasional overturning until it was "weathered," or watered. After an exposure of three or four weeks, or when weathered completely, the flax was gathered, bound in bundles, stored away in shelter until cool frosty days in late fall, winter or early spring would come, when it would be broken by the flax breaker, then scutched by the scutching knife over an upright board fastened to a block. Then what was left of the woody part by the breaker and scutching knife would be combed out by the hackle, and was now ready for spinning and weaving as flax or tow. The tow could be held in the hand and spun for coarse cloth, "tow linen." The flax, being the straight and finer fibre, would be wrapped to the "rock," attached to the little wheel and spun for the finer fabrics. The rock was a contrivance made by bending three or four branches of a bush together and

tying them into a kind of frame-work at upper end. Flax was most commonly put through the entire process from planting to wearing without leaving the farm on which it was grown.

The growing of wheat in Pocahontas in quantities sufficient for self-support was not thought of in early times. Ploughed in with the the bull tongue or shovel plow, brushed over by a crab brush or thorn sappling, and in many instances simply laboriously dug in with a hoe, it was a precarious crop, owing to freezing out, blight or rust. The harvests were gathered with the sickle. The reaper clutching a handful of grain in his left hand would sever it with his right. The handfuls were bound into sheaves and then stacked into dozens. Ten sheaves upright with heads pressed together and all sheltered and kept in place by the other two sheaves being broken at the band and spread out like fans and laid over the top. These dozens having dried out were carried by wagon or sled and stacked. When on steep ground the dozens would be brought off on stretcher shaped contrivances attached to a man's shoulders. At first the threshing was done by flail, and fifteen bushels was a good day's work. In value one bushel of wheat was equivalent to two bushels of corn, and exchanges were made on that ratio. Where crops were comparatively large flailing was superseded by "tramping out" by horses freshly shod. In this innovation the half grown boy was much in demand as he could ride one horse and lead a second. Two or three pair of horses would hull out forty or fifty bushels per day. After tramping awhile the horses would leave the floor and

rest while the straw would be shaken up and turned over, and then the tramping would be resumed until the grain was all out. In separating the wheat from the chaff the first method was to throw shovelfuls up when the wind was high to blow the chaff away, and then the wheat was cleaned by a coarse seive, which was shaken by hand, and the chaff would come to the top and raked off in handfuls. This was improved on the "winnowing sheet," usually worked by two men, while a third would shake the wheat from a shallow basket. Finally the "winnowing sheet" gave way to the windmill or wheat fan, when the farmers became so advanced in circumstances as to feel themselves able to pay thirty or forty dollars for one.

After "horse tramping out," came the threshing machine, and the sensation produced by its advent surpassed anything that has ever occurred in our county, unless it was the coming of the cars, the 26th of October, 1900. This machine, known as the "chaff-piler," was introduced about the year 1839, by William Gibson, of Huntersville, W. Va. It was operated by Jesse Whitmer and John Galford, late of Mill Point. It was a small affair, simply a threshing cylinder in a box, propelled by four horses, and when in operation the wheat would fly high and low as if it was all in fun. An immense sheet was spread on the ground, and this was enclosed by a wall of strong tent cloth about eight feet high, on three sides. A person with a rake removed the straw as it came out. He would have his face protected with heavy cloth, for the wheat grains would sting. After the "chaff-piler"



came the separator, at first propelled by horses, and then more recently by steam. At the present time most of the crops are separated by the "steamers."

When it came to be possible to raise corn fit to eat in the limits of our county, its preparation for the table was a matter of prime importance. One of the earliest contrivances was the "hominny block." This was made from a large block of some hard wood, most commonly white oak, eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, hollowed out at one end by burning and then trimmed into the shape of a druggist's mortar of huge proportions. For burning out the cavity a hole was bored by a two inch auger, then a red-hot bolt of iron was inserted. This iron bolt was frequently a coupling pin of a wagon. When this could be used no longer to advantage, then hard dry wood—elm was preferred—was obtained, and a fire was kindled in the hole and kept burning until the cavity was of the desired size. The top was large, but it narrowed down until it assumed a funnel shape, and held a peck or more of grain. The grain had been slightly softened by soaking in tepid water, and was reduced by the use of a wooden pestle, usually made of tough material thick as a man's wrist, an iron wedge inserted at one end, made fast by an iron band.

Pounding corn for a family of eight or ten persons was an all day business, and part of the night on Saturdays. When pounded the grain would be in a more or less fine condition, and by using a seive made of deer's skin stretched over a hoop and perforated with holes, before the wire sifters were known, the coarse

and fine could be separated. The fine meal would do for "johnny cake," which is derived from "journey-cake," baked on a board, and for bread, while the course could be either repounded, or cocked as it was for hominy.

After a time this wearisome pounding was alleviated by a sweep pole; superseding the hominy mortar and sweep pole was the hand-mill, formed of two circular hand-stones. The lower was the bed-stone, the upper was the runner, and both were closely fitted by a wooden hoop, in which there was an opening for the discharge of the meal. In the runner there was a central opening into which the grain was fed. Another opening was drilled near the edge of the runner, into which one end of a pole was fitted, while the other end was put through a hole in a board fastened to the joists above. With one hand grasping the upright pole, the miller turned the runner, and with the other fed the grain into the central opening. The grinding of one bushel was counted a day's work.

Hand mills served their purpose, and tub-mills-- the first water mills--came into use. In the tub-mills, the upper stone was stationary while the lower one turning against it reduced the grain to meal. The plan of construction was this: A perpendicular shaft was fixed in the lower stone or runner, and on the other or lower end of the shaft was a water wheel four or five feet in diameter. This wheel being sunk in a stream of water, its force caused the wheel to revolve and thus turned the stone fixed to the upper end of the shaft.

After the tub-mills came the "grist mills," with the

horizontal shafts, the lower stones stationary and the upper ones the runners.

In thinking over what has been written concerning pioneer farming experiences, the writer feels safe in saying that if the successors of these early settlers could see and handle the rude and clumsy, hand made appliances devised and used by the pioneer busy hands in their toilsome, dangerous endeavors for a livelihood they would be greatly surprised, and would be prone to regard them as implements of sorely tedious torture, were they compelled to make use of the same in their bread-winning pursuits in 1901.

It would be a serious mistake however to think in that way of our worthy forbears, because they passed many hours of genuine enjoyment. Their fewer wants easily satisfied, rendered them as well contented, if not better as a rule, than their descendants now living their strenuous lives in pursuit of luxuries of dress, housing, and food that would have been the envy of princes and kings in pioneer days.

So far as tested, all the cereals now produce large yields in Pocahontas County. Wheat, corn, rye, oats, millet, and buckwheat may be produced in ample abundance. Though there be quite a number of good mills, yet they are so located that there are communities who think it to their interest and convenience to carry their wheat to the Warm Springs or Monterey to be ground, and considerable is imported, owing to its being cheaper than the home product.

The climate of this county has passed through a great change the past eighty or ninety years. About

that long since it was a rare thing for corn to ripen anywhere in the region now forming the limits of Pocahontas. While it may be true that considerable corn was planted, yet the intention was to have merely soft corn, to fatten a beef or pork in case the mast failed, or be scarce.

About 1810, Major William Poage, then living at Marlin's Bottom, (now Marlinton), had a field of corn near the mouth of the Creek that was looking very promising. He was asked by a neighbor how much corn fit for bread did he think he might have from that splendid looking field. Major Poage, after some thoughtful hesitation, replied very cautiously that he ventured to think there was a probability of there being eight or ten bushels. This was spoken of as the marvel of the season, that out of three or four hundred bushels of corn raised at Marlin's Bottom, there might be eight or ten fit for bread, johnnycake, pone, and hoecake, and the happy people thought things now looked like living.

It is within the memory of living persons when ripe corn was the seldom exception, not the regular rule, on Elk, where fine crops are the rule of everything that is eatable, and that too in notable abundance and of prime quality.

As the climate and soil now are in Pocahontas, they are found to be adapted to the production of tobacco of a very good quality, and for most of the staple fruits, specially the peach and apple.

In the limestone belts bluegrass grows spontaneously and there are places where the bluegrass sod rivals the

famous Kentucky bluegrass. To use the language of an unknown writer, "Timothy, clover, and numerous other choice varieties contest the right of the bluegrass to the field; so we find them growing together, each trying to choke out the others and to climb high enough to choke out all the rest." So far as is observed, this bluegrass producing sod is common over the greater part of the county, and there is but a small percentage of its territory where grasses may not flourish. As a result a great deal of livestock has been and is produced. The cattle, for marketing qualities, equal any in the State. Pocahontas mutton has a reputation peculiarly its own, and the genuine commands the best market figures. There have been times, and to some extent such is the case now, where buyers from other States have come and canvassed Pocahontas County for live stock, seemingly not willing to wait until the cattle or sheep could be taken to them at their homes. Blooded horses equal to the best for quality and service, have been raised in this county.

It is believed that when the lumber enterprises shall have finished their operations and the lands no longer wanted for the merchantable timber, there will be still grander opportunities opened up for farming, fruit producing, and stock raising, and then Pocahontas may rank among the best in any of the States in that line of home making and industrial endeavor.

Very much of Pocahontas was heavily timbered and as the variety and quality was equal to most and surpassed by no other county in the State, before the vast inroads were made on these timber resources in the last

fifteen or twenty years. Still there is an enormous supply yet remaining after all has been done by rafts, drives and loaded freight cars. For twenty years or more an interesting feature were the lumber camps here and there in the woods where hundreds of men were comfortably housed and fed on the fat of the land in various parts of the county, mainly east of the Greenbrier. On the higher elevations west of the Greenbrier and in the western and north-western part of the county are vast reaches of black spruce forests, now in such demand for wood pulp of which the paper is made for post cards, books and newspapers. There remains much oak, cherry, poplar, chestnut and the more common forest trees in marked profusion. The value of timber standing not long since was estimated at over two million dollars.

During the construction of the Greenbrier Railway the past two years (1899-1900) several quarries of sandstone were opened along the line or nearby, and the material pronounced equal to the best for construction purposes.

For burning and fluxing purposes limestone is very abundant, and much of it lies very near vast iron ore deposits.

Near the Little Levels in south Pocahontas very pretty marble has been found, and the mountains on the west of the Levels contain vast amounts of black and white marbles. The specimens of which are very beautiful and promise great commercial value. These formations may be of ready access to the main stem of the Greenbrier Railway by short tramways from Sec-

bert and Locust, and possibly points intervening.

The entire county from end to end east of the Greenbrier abounds in iron ore indications, principally the brown hematite and the reddish fossiliferous. The fossiliferous is not in thick veins or very widely distributed, but of the brown hematite the supply is regarded as virtually inexhaustible. The veins of ore are large, of excellent quality and distributed over a vast area. In character the ores are pronounced the same as the ores of Monroe and Greenbrier counties. The ore veins of these counties are regarded as extensions of the veins found in Pocahontas.

As to coal resources but little, comparatively, has as yet been ascertained by actual development. While some investigations have been made, but very little coal has been mined for home use and none for exportation. In west Pocahontas in the Gauley and Williams River region, there is a large area underlaid by the New River coking coal veins ranging from two feet thick to eighteen feet, and as far as tested this west Pocahontas coal proves equal to the New River coking coal. This is the coal that has made the New River region in Fayette County and the Mercer or McDowell coal districts farther south so renowned as coke producing localities. This West Pocahontas county coal is about, as to mileage, the nearest coking coal to the iron producing centres of the two Virginias. Railway transportation and mine development seem to be all that is wanted to bring about a lively demand for this coal. Transportation and development appear now from current enterprises to be questions of only a short time.

As to the means of travel and communication in pioneer times, it seems that for years the pass ways to and from places in our county and elsewhere beyond were the trails made by buffaloes and Indians. At first the brush was trimmed away and widened for pack-horses, then for sleds, then for wagons, as progress required. The pioneers seem to have noticed that it would be advisable to avoid the trails along the streams and valleys, and follow the crests of leading ridges, and so new paths were blazed accordingly and came to be used, hence the steepness of the old roads may be accounted for in great measure. It was much more practicable to escape an ambuscade on a crest or summit, than when hemmed in by a valley hill sides. With a tenacity worthy of a better purpose the pioneers clung to the old paths with marked conservatism. The sons prided themselves with the idea that what was good enough for their fathers was good enough for them. About 1836, however, there seems to have been an awakening on the matter of better roads to and from the county. The Warm Springs & Huntersville Turnpike was projected, and completed about 1838, with Henry Harper and Wm. Gibson, a Huntersville merchant, contractors. It was a grand high way for that period, and awoke a sensation much like our people felt at seeing cars coming to Marlinton. Every stream was bridged from Huntersville to the Warm Springs, and the means of communication at the time between those places seemed to be all that was desired or could be reasonably expected. Capt. William Cackley was in the Legislature that authorized



and chartered the road, and, to use his own terse language, he had a "time of it log-rolling his bill through;" the expletives are here respectfully omitted.

The Staunton and Parkersburg Pike was made two or three years later. It was located by the celebrated Crozet, one of the great Napoleon's loyal engineers, who refuged to the United States after Waterloo had made it rather uncomfortable for him in the old country.

About 1854 the Huttonsville and Marlinton Turnpike was located by Engineer Haymond. In the same year he engineered the Lewisburg and Marlinton Turnpike, and the Greenbrier Bridge at Marlinton. Colonel William Hamilton, of Randolph County, contracted for the road work from Huttonsville to Marlin's Bottom. Lemuel Chenoweth, from Beverly, built the bridge in 1854,-56. Captain William Cochran superintended the Lewisburg Road, and all of these enterprises were completed by 1856. During the war between the States these highways, like so many other things, were virtually laid waste. The efforts to repair and keep them in proper condition have been many and varied, and much unfriendly criticism evoked as to the policy and management of the county authorities. As to road affairs, times change and people with them, and it seems citizens need time for living and learning. No doubt the time will come sooner or later when the interests of the public highways will be committed to the management of persons specially qualified for the business, like law, medicine, or politics.

As mountains and grasses are so characteristic of

our county, some reflections as to the part they perform in their Creator's plans may be in place. The hills and mountain, of Pocahontas, when contrasted with people who own them as property and live in homes overshadowed by them, seem as to existence "everlasting hills." Yet the truth is these mountains are just as perishing as we are. Their veins of flowing fountains weary the mountain hearts as the crimson pulses do ours. The natural forms of the iron or stony crags are abated in their appointed time, like the strength of the muscles and sinews and bones in a human old age. It is but the lapse of the longer periods of decay, which in the sight of their Creator distinguishes the duration of the mountain from that of the moth or worm.

By our bountiful Father of Mercies mountain ranges are appointed to fulfil their offices with a view to preserving health and thus increase the happiness of the human race in general. The first of these uses is to give motion to water. Every fountain and river, from the shallow streamlet that crosses the road in trembling clearness, to the calm and silent movings of the Potomac, the James, or the Ohio, all owe their motion, purity, and resistless sweeping powers to the elevations of the earth ordained for that purpose. Gentle or steep, extended or abrupt, some determined slope of the surface is essential before the waters of any stream could overtake and refresh a single plant or tree after the long pilgrimage by clouds from the Southern Pacific Ocean.

We are living among the highlands, a veritable good-

ly land of the sky, where we may walk and meditate beside the grassy or flowery margins of our mountain streams, what opportunities we have to consider how beautiful and very wonderful is that arrangement, in virtue of which the dews and rains falling to the ground should find no resting place to loiter after coming so far away, but should find instead, prepared and fixed channels traced for them, from the ravines of the central crests, down which they rush and roar in turbulent ranks of foam, towards the dark hollows beneath the banks of lowland meadows, pastures, and planted fields, round which they must circle among the stems and beneath the leaves of the growing plants, so essential to human comfort and enjoyable existence.

These pathways for the dews and rains and melted snows are so arranged that by some definite rate of movement the waters must evermore descend, sometimes slow, sometimes swift, but never pausing. The daily existances they must glide over being marked out for them at each successive rising of the sun, or dawning of the morning, the place that knew them yesterday to know them no more, and the gateways of guarding mountains opened for them in cleft, or chasm, or duly tunnelled. Thus nothing is to hinder them in their mission to the growing, life-sustaining fruits, grasses, and grains, while from afar the great heart of the parent ocean seems to be ever calling these blessing-imparting waters back to herself, as if "deep were calling unto deep."

It is well to remember, too, that this office of imparting motion to water is not exhausted on the sur-

face, for a no less important office of the hills is to direct the flow of springs and fountains from subterraneous reservoirs. While it may seem marvelous to see the waters coming up out of the ground beneath our feet, yet this is no miraculous happening, for every fountain and well are supplied from a reservoir somewhere in the hidden chambers of the hills, so located as to involve some degree of fall, assuring pressure sufficient to secure the constant outflowing of the stream.

The second use of mountains is to keep up a constant change in the nature and currents of the air. A difference in soils and vegetation would have in a measure caused changes in the air, even if the earth had been level. This change would have been far less than what is caused now by the chains of hills, which divide the earth not only into districts but into climates, and cause perpetual currents of air to traverse their passes in a thousand different states, by moistening with the spray of waterfalls, beating the air hither and thither in the pools of rushing torrents, closing the air within clefts and caves where the sunbeams are never seen, and all becomes cold as autumn mists. By means of the hills this cooled air is sent forth again to breathe lightly across the velvet fields of grass upon the slopes, or be scorched among sunburned shales and grassless crags, and then when pierced by strange electric darts flashes of mountain fire, the air is suffered to depart at last, chastened and pure, to refresh the far away arid plains.

The third important office of the mountains is to

bring about perpetual change in the soils. Were it not for this office cultivated ground would in a series of years be exhausted and would require to be upturned most laborously by human appliances. Elevations provide for this a constant renovation. The higher mountains suffer their summits to be broken into fragments and to be cast down in sheets of mossy rock, replete with every ingredient needful for the nutriment of plant life. These fallen fragments broken by frosts and disintegrated by torrents into various conditions of sand and clay—materials which are distributed perpetually by the streams farther and farther from the mountain base. The turbid foaming of angry looking waters in time of flood, tearing down banks and rocks are not disturbances of the beneficent course of nature, but are operations of laws necessary to the existence of man and to make the earth beautiful. This process may be carried on more gently, but not less effectively, over the entire surface of the lower undulating districts. Each filtering thread of summer rain trickling through the short turf of the uplands is bearing its own appointed burden of earth to be thrown on some new natural garden for some one to work and enjoy long years in the future.

Of all the good and perfect gifts lavished upon a bit of goodly land, it would be difficult to find anything more suggestive of edifying thought than the grass of the field. It is something mysterious to examine not only when gemmed with the dew drops of morning, or quivering in the mirage of noon, but with the sparkling threads of aborescence, “each a little belfry of

grain bells all achime." When a single blade of grass is plucked, one of countless millions, and one examines intently for a time its narrow sword shaped strip of fluted green, nothing is perceived of notable goodness or entrancing beauty. In that blade of grass may be noticed very little that is strong and a very little tallness and a few delicate lines meeting in a dull unfinished point. So the blade of grass by no means appears to be a creditable or much cared for sample of the Creator's workmanship, made to be trodden upon by men or roaming beast, a little pale hollow stalk feeble and flaccid leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet when we carefully ponder over its uses and the place grass occupies in promoting man's physical good, we are inclined to the opinion and so express ourselves that of all the gorgeous flowers that bloom in our mountain air and shed their balmy fragrance upon the summer breezes, and of all the strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes or good for food, like stately palms and towering pines, strong oaks and ash trees, scented orchards, or gracefully burdened vines, there is not one so universally loved and sought after by mankind of every clime and nation, or by the Creator so highly graced as that narrow point of feeble green—a blade of grass.

For floral scenery our Pocahontas forests, in the season of wild flowers, are as enchanting as fairy dreams. The dogwood and the service bloom,—Indian sign for planting corn, the Shawnee Flower, rivaling the magnolia of the far South; the notable variety of honey-

suckle blooms, so warmly recommended by ardent admirers as most suitable for the West Virginia state emblematic flower; rhodadendron and ivy, along with so many curious flowering plants, open up vistas of surpassing loveliness.

Exotic flowers have been cultivated with notable success. The first rose geranium ever potted in our county was brought to Huntersville by Miss Margaret Ann Craig, from Waynesboro, Va., about the year 1843. It flourished nicely, and she was very generous in giving away the slips. She carried it on horseback, in her hand, a tiny slip, clipped off with scissors, slit at the end and kept open by inserting an oat grain, wrapped in moistened paper. This wrapping was moistened every few hours at some spring or brook by the wayside, during that journey of nearly a hundred miles.

Flowers are seemingly intended for the solace of humanity, of all age., classes, and conditions. Little children and quietly contented people love flowers as they bloom in forests, lawns, or gardens. Luxurious and pleasure loving persons rejoice in flowers when gathered for some festive occasion. The flowers are the home-loving rural cottagers treasure, while in towns and villages a few flowers adorn as with scraps of rainbow the windows of the toiling inmates, in whose souls linger a longing for the covenanted place of Divine care, of which the lily and the rose are the emblems.

Notwithstanding this general admiration for flowers, the writer feels inclined to make this criticism at a venture, that were this apparent love of flowers thoroughly probed there are but few people, compara-

tively care about flowers as flowers. Many indeed are fond of finding a new shape of blossom, thus caring for the shape as the little boys care for the kaleidoscope. Many may like a pretty display of flowers on the benches or in the pit, as they admire a fine service of silver or gold plate on the table. Many are scientifically interested in flowers, though the interest of these scientists may be in the nomenclature rather than the flowers themselves, and some enjoy them as they grow in their gardens like radishes and peas.

Being persuaded as I am that I shall have among my readers some young people who are thoughtful, observing and inquiring in their character, I would write something about the stones that are so very plentiful in our county for their special consideration. Shakespeare, the foremost of all names in English literature, speaks of a cast of intelligence or intellectual culture that enables one so cultivated to see sermons in stones and good in everything. There are but few, if any natural, objects from which more can be learned than from stones, as they seem so well fitted to reward all patient, intelligent observers. As to other objects in creation nearly all can be seen to some gratifying degree by the hasty impatient observer whose glances must be transient, on the spur of the passing moment or not at all. They have no patience with the objects unless they are pleasant in being hastily seen. Trees, clouds, cliffs and rivers are highly enjoyable even by careless observers in being, but the stones over which they walk have for the careless nothing in them



but stumbling and objects of offense. No pleasure is languidly to be derived of the stones as from clusters on the vines or fruits on the overshadowing boughs. Impatient observers find nothing delicious to their tastes or good of any kind in stones. Even to the patiently studious at first sight all that the stones seem good for is to symbolize the hard heart and unfatherly gift referred to in our Lord's question, "Will a father give his famishing son a stone in place of bread?"

But yet when some of my younger readers will do as I confidently anticipate they will, and give the stones their thoughtful reverent consideration they will to their pleasure find in stones more bread or food for thought than in any other lowly feature of all our interesting Pocahontas landscape. For a stone when duly examined will be found to be a mountain in miniature, as a sparkling drop of dew may be regarded as a miniature sun. The fineness of the Creator's work is so exquisite that in a single stone a foot or more in diameter may be compressed as many changes of form and structure on a small scale as have been needed for mountains on a large scale. When moss is taken for forests, grains of chrstal for crags, the surface of a stone, in by far the most instances, is more pleasingly interesting than the surface of an ordinary mountain by reason of more fantastic forms and richer colors. The moss does not conceal the form of the rock but gathers over it in little brown bunches like pin cushions made by mixed threads of dark ruby silk and gold, rounded over more subdued films of white and gray, with lightly crisped and curled edges, like

autumn frost on fallen leaves, and minute clusters of upright orange stalks with pointed caps; and fibres of deep green, gold and faint purple passing into black, and following with unimaginable fineness of gentle growth the undulations of the stone until the stone is so fully charged with color it can receive no more. Then in place of looking rugged or cold or stern or anything a rock is held to be at heart, the moss makes it appear clothed with a soft dark robe, embroidered with arabesque of purple and silver. Though the moss be so meek in character, yet it was the first of Heavens mercies visible to our earth, at the opening of the redemptive ages referred to elsewhere, veiling, as it did, with silent softness, the first dintless rock. Moss is the most significant emblem of pity for the ruined, covering as it did with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin, and laying quiet finger on the heaving, trembling stones to teach them rest, in which they now repose. Words have not been coined to express really what the mosses are. No known words are delicate enough, perfect enough, or rich enough in their diction and significance to express what should be told of the rounded mosses of furred and radiant green, the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine filmed as is the spirit could spin porphyry, as glass is spun with seemingly magic skill. Where can the phrases be found in oratory or poetry to describe properly the traceries of intricate silver and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glory, traverses of silken change, yet all subdued pensive, and framed for simplest offices

of graceful duty. The mosses will not be gathered, like the flowers, for May Queen crowns, or tokens of incipient love as the buds are, but of the mosses the wild birds make their nests, and wearied children their pillow. As the earth's first mercy, so the mosses are the earth's last gift to her departed children. When all other service is hopeless and vain from plant and tree, the soft moss and gray lichen take up their watch by the tombstone and the burial mound. The woods, the flowers, the gift bearing grapes and cereals did their offices for a time, but the lichen and the moss do service forever. Trees for the builder's use, flowers for the bridal altar, cereals for the table, mosses for the grave.

## USES OF BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY.—NOTES ON FORMATION OF THE COUNTY.

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### SECTION IV

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What was written in sections 1st, 2d and 3d was designed to impress upon our minds something like a just conception as to how interesting and instructive is the story of the Divine providential leadings of our ancestral people, that guided them to homes in the primeval forests. Moreover we endeavored to realize how impressively beautiful was and is the heavenly handiwork manifested in fashioning, locating, and adorning the "goodly land," wherein God has permitted our lines to fall, and suffers us to hold as our pleasant heritage.

What was written about the origin of our wonderful region was to illustrate what appears to have been God's method of working in His mysterious way His Creative wonders to perform. In virtue of which He moves and works upon the scheme of a continuous progressive change, according to certain laws and by means of resident forces, and it is our matured, steadfast opinion that our Lord Jesus Christ, through the Eternal Spirit, is the Resident Force of the creative ages, and of Christianity pure and simple the great fact characteristic of the redemptive ages now in pro-

cess of unfolding.

One of the wisest of recently living thinkers very happily remarks: "To live in the presence of great truths and eternal loves, to be led by permanent ideals, that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him."

One of the foremost statesmen of the United States in our day thus defines American civilization to be that gradual amelioration of manners, and that improvement of the human race in character which increases the comforts and happiness of mankind.

If we know our own minds, it ever has been and still is our heart's desire and fervent prayer to give due heed to these Apostolic words: "Finally, brethren whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

We would enjoy ourselves, and have all others to participate with us in that mental culture and soul elevation imparted by the teachings of ancestral history, purity of morals, and material civilization in the best sense and highest practical benefits.

Now in this fourth section and what may follow, the paramount aim will be to urge ourselves to the duty of remembering every day and every hour that were it not for people,—men, women, and children,—there would not have been any materials for these sketches; and were it not for people there would be none to read our story; none to occupy and appreciate whatever is good and charming in our Pocahontas environment.

What the soul is to the body, so are the people to any country, and as the body without a pure soul becomes worse than useless, an offensive nuisance, so does a country without people of the proper tone and character. Hence it is that after all the people are the really important subject, whose history is intrinsically valuable for the purpose now in hand. The kind of people that are wanted and for which so many of our best citizens are so anxious to find and choose for leaders, are described in these pathetically earnest lines:

“God, give us men—a time like this demands  
High minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;  
Men whom the lust of office does not fill;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor; men who will not lie.”

“For as the body without the spirit is dead,” so a county without a live people is dead also. The poet Dante centuries since uttered an aphorism that had it been duly heeded would have increased the happiness of our race immensely. It was to this purport, “Knowledge and wisdom thrive on well remembered facts.” In too many instances it is to be regretted that writers of history as well as interpreters of historical writing have virtually assumed premises to deduce facts when in their avowed honesty of purpose as truth seekers and teachers of men they should have first searched out the real facts and from truthful facts formed their premises for the arguments setting forth their views and teachings. Our aim was and we feel sure that we have succeeded in learning and duly recording

in sections previous such facts that if well remembered by our readers, they will be favored by thriving on such knowledge and wisdom as will be profitable to them all not only in this life, but in the life to come. In the light of the knowledge and wisdom sought to be imparted by these sketches, it is fondly hoped that our readers will be helped in whatever efforts they may be making to live clear of the sordid soulless commercialism or selfishness that threatens to prevail over the earth like waters on the face of the great deep, and which is so rapidly becoming the spirit of the age, and according to inspiration has ever shown itself as the procuring cause of wars and rumors of wars.

And here we would pause and take special notice of the boys of Pocahontas County and present some thoughts to this effect: It is believed that there are a good many who would make fine men, were they to go about it in the proper manner. Most of them have had their muscles well developed by the labors of the farm; many of them have been improved by attending school and pursuing their studies under more than ordinary difficulties, and thus developed practical common sense. May it not be hoped, therefore, that all our youths will aim to make the best of their opportunities and become first class in whatever calling they may make their life's work. Diligence in business, fervency in spirit, serving the Lord, will attain the highest success to be attained in the present state of existence and endeavor. Due respect for holy things is the beginning of highest wisdom, and good success have all they that carry out the directions given us by the Cre-

ator. He knows what is best for us to follow as a rule of conduct, and in the end it will appear that those are best off for the present and future life who do his commandments.

To help ourselves towards attaining satisfactory view points, the following studies in applied history, illustrating principles pertinent to our ancestral history, are submitted to the studious consideration of all persons interested in our local history. The writer feels sure that all readers who may give such consideration to these studies will find their minds duly broadened and will be qualified to realize more correctly the import and significance of the "short and simple annals" of our pioneer ancestors by perceiving the ruling and guarding hand of God in the varied events of their lives. Though their minds influenced by their providential surroundings may have devised and planned their ways, yet it was the Lord that directed their steps and established their undertakings, and so, after all, the noblest study of living Pocahontas people is the study of the Pocahontas pioneer people who were used by the Divine Disposer of Events in shaping up affairs as we now happily or otherwise find them to be in our day and generation. And, moreover, it will be a salutary lesson in morals to be reminded that as we are so dependant upon those gone before, even so those who may succeed us will either be grateful for our having lived, or may have memories bitter as the worm-wood and the gall. None can possibly live unto themselves, and while it may be a solemn thing to remember this and try to live rightly, "walk humbly, love mercy and act



justly, " it is a far more solemn thing not to remember this and thus leave names to be remembered with shame and tears.

The uses of historical study may be very beneficial if judiciously pursued. Its leading purpose should be to enable each generation to benefit from the experience of those who have lived before their times and thus advance to higher lines of action, and have in view nobler aims, and thus be not obliged to start afresh from points occupied by predecessors when they entered on the duties of their day and generation. To make real progress it is better, if possible, to begin where those preceding us have left off, taking up the battle of life on the ground where they have fallen, and carry on the struggle towards final victory.

Persons knowing but little of those gone before are very likely to care but little of those coming after them. To such, who are careless about historical research, life seems a mere chain of sand, while life ought to be a kind of electric chain, making our hearts throb and vibrate with the most ancient thoughts of the past, as well as the most distant hopes of the future. The continuity of history is something marvellous indeed. In virtue of this continuity it may be shown that there are many things that we owe to Babylon, Ninevah, Persia, Egypt, and Phœnicia.

Those who carry watches derive from the Babylonians the division of the hour into sixty minutes. This arrangement may have its faults, yet such as it may be it comes down to modern citizens from the Greeks and the Romans, and they derived it from Babylon. The

sexagesimal division is strictly Babylonian. About 150 B. C. Hipparchus learned it in Babylon, and about 150, A. D., Ptolemy gave the sexagesimal division wider currency. Then in succeeding centuries the French, when applying the decimal system to almost everything else, respected the dial plates of our clocks and watches and let them retain their sixty Babylonian minutes.

Every person who has ever written a letter is indebted to the Romans and Greeks for the alphabet. The Greeks received their alphabet from the Phœnicians, and the Phœnicians learned theirs in Egypt. Students in Phonetics all assert that ours is a very imperfect alphabet, yet such as it has been and may be now, we owe it to the old Phœnicians and Egyptians. In every letter we trace with pen, pencil, or typewriter there lies imbedded an ancient Egyptian hieroglyphic. The letter A has the face of the sacred ox, which the Egyptians were ready to venerate with honors almost divine.

As to what we may owe the Persians; it may seem that it could not be very much, as the Persians were not a very inventive people, and the most of their vaunted wisdom they chiefly learned from their neighbors the Assyrians and Babylonians. Nevertheless we owe them something in a way they never intended. We ought to thank the Persians from our inmost hearts for allowing themselves to be defeated so disastrously at the battle of Marathon. It is enough to make one shudder to consider what the world would have come to had the Persians conquered the Greeks and destroy-

ed that wonderful people. So far as we can see from our point of view, had the Persians been victorious at Marathon, Greeks, Romans, Saxons, Anglo-Saxons, and American people would have been Parsees; or Fire Worshippers.

Another thing to be remembered that we owe to the Persians is the relation or ratio of silver to gold in our bimetallic currency. This relation was, no doubt, first arranged in Babylonia, as the talent was divided into sixty mina, and the mina into sixty shekels, the sexagesimal system being applied to money as well as time. This system may owe its popularity to the fact that sixty has more divisors than most other numbers. This bimetallic arrangement of 13 to 1 assumed its practical and historical importance in Persian financial affairs, and spread from them to the Greek colonies in Asia, and from there to America, where it has maintained itself with slight variations down to the recent past.

We have seen how closely the world is held together by the continuity of history, and how, for good or for evil, we are what we are—not so much by ourselves—as by the toil, the sufferings, the conflicts, the character, and the achievements of those who came before us. Our true intellectual ancestors, whatever the blood may have been composed of that coursed their veins, or the bones that formed their skulls. Philosophers assure us that the law of gravitation that orders and governs the course of the planetary worlds in their vast and tireless journeys through the illimitable realms of space likewise governs the destiny of the smallest grain of sand on the seashore as effectively as if it were the

only one. So, in a sense, the continuity of history reaches the destiny of empires, but has its influence on the individual as well. Hence it should be the desire of every one to know something of the past, and by the knowledge thus gained, construe the duties of the present and act for the well being of the future.

In reference to our ancestors, it may be inquired why did they come here? What were the impelling motives explaining their leaving the old world and seeking homes in the pathless regions of the western or new world? Their lot for centuries was assigned to those sections of the earth in northern Europe, and subsequently northern America, whose climates are of such a character that the seasons succeed each other in a manner as requires constant effort for existence. In such latitudes life is and always must be a struggle more or less arduous. There seems to be something in the air that makes the people who breathe it feel there is no time for rest. There must be always a toiling and a building up of ones own happiness out of the materials possessed by their neighbors, for their own personal self interest. Even when homes are as comfortable as can be made, with all the available appliances of civilization, it is a question whether such persons have more real enjoyment in life than the sons of the forest had in their wigwams or tepees on the vales of Pocahontas.

Owing to climatic influences, life with our ancestors was a hard, continuous struggle for mere existence, and hence the accumulation of wealth became a necessity, to provide for the uncertainties of old age, or the

requirements peculiar to their complex social relations. The European climate with its long, cold, and dreary winters in many localities, the difficulties of cultivating the land, the conflicting interests between rival communities, developed the instinct of self preservation to such an extent that most of the virtues and many of vices of European people can be traced back to climatic causes. The character we inherit was formed under the influences mentioned, and so by inheritance, by education, and by necessity we are what we are, in large measure.

The life of our ancestors in Europe and America was a fighting life; hence our highest ideal of life is a life of action and endeavor. Hence our people work until they can work no longer, and are proud to die with the axe or plow handles in their hands, thus choosing rather to wear out than rust out.

Nothing interests what we term the better and more respectable and prosperous element of our population than the history of what they or their ancestors have accomplished by diligence in business in rearing homes starting business enterprises, or in improving our commonwealth. As the result of this restless characteristic, unsatisfying accumulation of earthly possessions, conveniences, and accomplishments, it comes almost naturally to imagine that human life is made perfect thereby, and in many instances so attractive that persons have been known to be sorry to leave what has been gathered together by their energy and self sacrifice.

Then, by way of contrast, let the subject in hand be

considered from another point of view. A branch of the Teutonic race found homes in a far different climatic latitude, and as life comes easy it goes easy. Under such influences the people are never tired of speaking of life as a journey from one village to another, not as a home or resting place permanently. Hence we find them moralizing in this vein: "As a man journeying to another village may enjoy a night's rest in the open air, but after leaving such a resting place for a night proceeds on his journey the next day; thus father and mother, wife and wealth are all but a night's rest to us; so wise people do not cling to them forever."

In one part of the world whence our ancestors came climate impresses the idea that manly vigor, silent endurance, public spirit and domestic virtues illustrate an important feature of the destiny or mission humanity has to fulfil on earth. In another part of the world whence many Americans trace their ancestry, the genial skies, balmy breezes and flowery vales illustrate or impress the idea that another phase of human nature, the passive, the meditative and reflectively sentimental that prompts people to look upward and onward to something not themselves. Thus time is had to inquire whether something could be understood of true significance of the mystery we speak of as life on earth.

The lines have fallen to us in places highly conducive to the development of both phases of human character, and if this article would so impress the readers they would greatly conduce to the contentment and stimulate to making the best of available opportunities to acquire active, energetic, resolute and acquisi-

tive habits of living, along with due attention to whatever promotes meditative patient, seriously thoughtful views of matters pertaining to the higher needs of intellect and spirit. This places within our reach the possibility of presenting to the world noble examples of all around humanity with sound bodies and sound minds.

In reference to the ancestry of our people it may be inferred that our citizenship is of a composite character, German, English, Irish, Scotch, and French.

Such names as these, Lightner, Harper, Yeager, Arbogast, Herold, Halterman, Burr, Siple, Sheets, Casebolt, Shrader, Burner, Sydenstricker, Varner, Hevener, Cackley, Gumm, Overholt, indicate German descent.

Moore, Gillispie, McCarty, McLaughlin, Cochran, Waugh, Hogsett, McNeel, Kerr, Lockridge, Drennan, Gay, McCollam, McCoy, Beard, Baxter, Slaven, Hannah, Hill, Kincaid, Irvine, McElwee, Wallace, Curry, Hamilton, Sharp, Friel, McCutcheon, imply Scotch-Irish or English-Irish ancestry.

Warwick, Matthews, Renick, Clark, Gibson, Johnson, Galford, Buckley, Kennison, Adkison, Barlow, Gatewood, Jackson, Brown, Wooddell, Hull, Cooper, Duffield, Auldridge, Duncan, Beale, Sutton, Callison, indicate English antecedents.

Maupin, Ligon, Dever, Tacey, Dilley, Bussard, and Large are of French extraction.

Poage, Pritchard, Price, Ruckman denote Welch extraction.

Kee, Doyle, Kelley, Loury, Cloonan, Scales, Rorke,

leave us in no doubt that the Emerald Isle is their fatherland.

These representatives of nationalities have blended and affiliated so that the characteristics of each fused, and the outcome is a composite citizenship, versatile in their tastes and aptitudes, fitted for a destiny in harmony with the progressive tendencies of that eventful period, the wonderful 19th century.

It is noticeable that the predominating element, as to numbers, trace their ancestry to the north of Ireland, and are either Scotch Irish or English Irish. This is explained in this manner.

About 1611 there was a district in Ireland that was largely depopulated by forfeiture of lands when O'Neil of Tyronne was defeated. Puritans from England and Reformers from Scotland were induced to occupy the abandoned property. These persons in turn had to seek elsewhere a refuge from oppression when there came a change in Irish affairs. Having been Scotch or English people living for a time in Ireland, they were called Scotch-Irish. In common usage the term is applied to both English and Scotch, as the Scotch seem to have largely predominated. *Nearly 150 years*

About the time when on the lookout for a refuge, the Virginians wanted a living wall for protection against Indian raids from beyond the Blue Ridge. Now when it became known that Germans, Scotch-Irish, and French Huguenots were willing to settle on the frontier; liberal concessions were made by the Virginia colonial authorities, and it was not many years—1732 to 1750—a line of settlements were formed, and the desired



living fortifications provided for. Therefore in the course of fifteen or twenty years subsequently to 1740, the more inviting sections of the counties of Monroe, Greenbrier, and Pocahontas were settled by a goodly number of enterprising families of the same type of people, inured to hardships and familiar with privations. These people had an experience of life along the frontier with its perilous emergencies for a period of thirty or more years of danger that developed strong elements of character along with a goodly degree of intellectual vigor. These people placed the highest value on education, and though their advantages were limited, they made the very best of their opportunities.

The Scotch-Irish trend of religious belief gives a high tone to the human intellect and awakens the highest aspirations of man's spirit nature; thus these early settlers had by inheritance the highest religious standard and the highest civilization of their times.

All history teaches, more or less plainly, that God has established His worship and the ordinances of the kingdom that is coming, to sustain and nourish the religious and intellectual life of His people. Now whenever these are wanting or neglected, the religious or higher life becomes feeble. While, therefore, the pioneers of this region came from such an ancestry as has been described, with such inherited proclivities, it should not be considered strange the temptations of frontier life and the comparative destitution or neglect of religious ordinances resulted in much irreligion, and consequent immorality. For all experience and observation go to show that when people of good parent-

age and of favorable opportunities do fall, they fall heavy and far. When people go back on their God, there is nothing between them and the horrible pit and mirey clay of sensuality, and of every hateful and hurtful propensity.

Nevertheless be it remembered to their never to be forgotten praise there were persons among our ancestors whose piety was as pure gold refined, and many homes were reared where genuine godliness was maintained. Many of these settlers endeavored to cherish the traditions of their covenanting ancestors, and of the martyrs whose blood stained many a beautiful vale in Scotland, and thus tried to live as worthy sons and daughters of an ancestry so worthy.

Now putting all that has appeared in these articles on applied history in review, we may learn something of the motives that impelled our ancestors to select their homes in this region.

They possessed an energetic spirit that prompted them to desire a place where they could acquire a competency of earthly goods, so needful in times of disability, and for the decrepitude of advancing years. These people came among the mountains seeking refuge from civil and religious wrongs, and have a sanctuary where God could be worshipped, none daring to molest or make them afraid. They felt it a duty to provide for their households, and here land was to be had in goodly portions and sufficient to locate sons and daughters near the parental home, so ardent were their family affinities.

These reflections on applied history are now submit-

ted to our readers for their consideration, to be discussed in any way most in harmony with their opinions. The writer's ambition is that his people should have a history, and a future likewise, that may be worthy of praise and emulation.

“Should critics say my work is bad,  
I won't indulge in wail or woe,  
I'll simply smile and go my way  
And say the critics do not know.

“But should they pat me on the back,  
And say they think my work immense  
I'll take a rosier view of life  
To think they show such rare good sense.”

Affairs having so far progressed, the formation of a new county was mooted and due arrangements made. A resolution to that effect was passed by the Virginia Legislature, March, 1821. Thomas Mann Randolph was the Governor who signed the bill, and being a descendant of Pocahontas, “the virgin queen of a virgin world,” as General Skeene used to speak of her, this may have had something to do with the name selected for the county.

One of the most memorable days in the social and civil history of Pocahontas County was the 5th day of March, 1822, when the first court was held at the residence of John Bradshaw, at Huntersville, a log tenement that stood where the Lightner House now stands.

John Jordan, William Poage, James Tallman, Robert Gay, John Baxter, George Burner, and Benjamin Tallman were present and handed in their commissions

as Justices of the Peace, signed by Governor Randolph.

Colonel John Baxter administered the oath of office, each member qualifying four times, in virtue of which multiplied qualification the members of the new court were solemnly obligated to the faithful performance of official duties; fidelity to the Commonwealth of Virginia; support the national Constitution; and oppose dueling. William Poage, Jr., then administered the four prescribed oaths to Colonel John Baxter, and the proclamation was made that the court was duly open for business.

John Jordan was sworn in as High Sheriff, giving bond for \$30,000, with Abram and Isaac McNeel as sureties or bondsmen. Josiah Beard was appointed Clerk, with Thomas Beard, George Poage and James Tallman bondsmen, on a bond for \$3,000. Johnson Reynolds, of Lewisburg, qualified as Attorney for the Commonwealth. Sampson L. Mathews was recommended for appointment as Surveyor of Lands. William Hughes was appointed Constable for the Levels District, with William McNeel and Robert McClintock as sureties in a bond of \$500. James Cooper was appointed Constable for the Head of Greenbrier, with William Slaven and Samuel Hogsett as bondsmen.

These proceedings occupied the first day, and court adjourned until 10 a. m. the following morning.

When Court convened March 6, 1822, all were present except Robert Gay. John Jordan, the High Sheriff, moved the Court that his son Jonathan Jordan be appointed Deputy Sheriff. The motion prevailed, granting the request, whereupon the four oaths, as al-

ready described, were duly administered by the Clerk.

James Callison, William Edminson, John Hill, John Cochran, Alexander Waddell, John McNeill ("Little John"), Robert Moore, Martin Dilley, Benjamin Arbogast, William Sharp, William Hartman, and Joseph Wolfenberger were appointed overseers of various roads, completed and prospective, in the county.

Robert Gay—still out of court—was appointed Commissioner of the Revenue. When informed of this appointment he appeared in court and gave bond in \$1000 with William Cackley and John Baxter sureties, whereupon he was duly qualified.

Attorneys Cyrus Curry from Lexington, Rockbridge County, and Johnston Reynolds, from Lewisburg, Greenbrier County, were licensed to practice law as the first two members of the Pocahontas Bar.

The next business transacted at this historic term of the court appears to have been the organization of the 127th Regiment of the State militia as a part of Virginia military establishment. The following citizens were nominated as "fit and proper" to fill the requisite offices, and the Governor and Council were requested to issue commissions to them: John Baxter, Colonel; Benjamin Tallman, Lieutenant-Colonel; William Blair, Major; Boone Tallman, William Arbogast, Henry Herold, Isaac Moore, and Milburn Huges, Captains; Andrew G. Mathews, Robert Warwick, William Morgan, William Young, and James Rhea, Lieutenants; Jacob Slaven, James Wanless, Samuel Young, James Callison, Ensigns.

Mr Abram McNeel was recommended to the Gov-

ernor for Coroner.

Travis W. Perkins was granted license to open a hotel.

Thus organized, Pocahontas took her place among the counties of Virginia, and Huntersville was designated for the County Seat. A location near George Baxter's present residence, in the vicinity of what is now Edray, had been selected by a committee on location and reported on favorably as the place for the permanent location of the County Seat. Inducements by John Bradshaw were so enticing and favorable, and the people at the head of Greenbrier so anxious on the subject, that Huntersville prevailed, and the report of the committee on location was overruled.

In 1800 the population of the region coterminous with the present limits of Pocahontas County amounted to about one hundred and fifty-three persons, and were for the most part members of the first families that had permanent homesteads, whose heads were John McNeel, Thomas McNeill, Moses Moore, Peter Lightner, Henry Harper, John Moore, Felix Grimes, Samuel Waugh, James Waugh, Aaron Moore, Robert Moore, Timothy McCarty, Robert Gay, Jeremiah Friel, Jacob Warwick, John Slaven, John Warwick, Sampson Mathews, Josiah Brown, John Sharp, William Sharp, William Poage, John Baxter, Levi Moore, and John Bradshaw.

From the census returns it appears that in 1830 the population of the county was 2,542; in 1840, 2,922; in 1850, 3,598; in 1860, 3,958; in 1870, 4,069; in 1880, 5,591; in 1890, 6,813. in 1900, 8,572.

According to these official returns, the population of the county has increased from 2542 in 1830, to 8572 in 1900. The percentage of growth about 70.

From 1830 to 1860, the period before the war between the States, the percentage of gain was about 35. From 1860 to 1900 the percentage of gain was about 53. From 1890 to 1900, the gain was 20 per cent, and was larger than any previous decade, and readily accounted for.

The smallest rate of gain was between 1860 and 1870, about 2 per cent. In this decade the war occurred. The next less rate of gain was between 1850 and 1860—about 9 per cent. This indicates that just previous to the war the county was about ready to progress backwards, such was the disposition of people to look for homes in the far West, and the western counties of the State.

## BIOGRAPHIC.

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### SECTION V.

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#### JACOB MARLIN AND STEPHEN SEWALL.

The first persons of English or Scotch-Irish antecedents to spend a winter in what is now Pocahontas County, were Marlin and Sewall. This was the winter of 1750-51. Their camp was in the delta formed by Marlin Run and a slough or drain near the east bank of Knapp's Creek.

In the course of time—having agreed to disagree—they separated and were found living apart, by Colonel Andrew Lewis, Marlin in the cabin and Sewall in a hollow tree. Upon expressing his surprise at this way of living apart, distant from the habitation of other human beings, Sewall told him they differed in sentiments and since the separation there was more tranquility, or a better understanding, for now they were upon speaking terms, and upon each morning “it was good morning, Mr Marlin, and ‘Good morning, Mr Sewall!’ ”

Under the new arrangement, Sewall crossed the slough, and instead of building another cabin, went into a hollow sycamore tree on the west margin of the slough, quite near where the board walk now crosses, and about in line with a walnut tree now standing on



the east bank of the drain and the court house.

The lower part of this tree bore a striking resemblance to a leaning Indian tepee. The cavity could shelter five or six persons, and the writer has been often in it for shade or for shelter from rain or heat.

At the top of the cone, some eight or ten feet from the ground, the tree was not more than twenty inches in diameter, and at that height was chopped off about the year 1839, to avoid shading the crops. Thus the stump was left, a great convenience for shade or shelter, until it disappeared during the War, being probably used for a camp fire.

These persons differed, Sewall told Colonel Lewis, about their "relagian." There is a traditional hint that "immersion" was the theme of contention. But it is more than probable that one was a conformist and the other a non-conformist to the thirty-nine articles of the English rubric. This is known to have been a very live question of those times, both before and after.

This new arrangement did not last long, and Sewall in search of less molestation about his religion, withdrew about eight miles to a cave at the head of Sewell Run, near Marvin. Thence he went forty miles farther on to Sewell Creek, west Greenbrier, and was found and slain by Indians. How impressively this illustrates the evils of religious controversy, so called.

“Against her foes religion well defends,  
Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends.  
If learned, their pride: if weak their zeal she dreads  
And their heart's weakness who have soundest  
heads;

But most she fears the controversial pen,  
The holy strife of disputatious men,  
Who the blest Gospel's peaceful page explore,  
Only to fight against its precepts more."

It is moreover interesting in this connection to recall the fact that on the banks of Marlin's Run is the burial place of a little child that was dashed to death by an Indian warrior in 1765, when overtaken by a party of Bath and Rockbridge men, seeking to rescue Mrs Mayse, her son Joseph, an unmarried woman with an infant in her arms, a Mr McClenachan, and some other captives. This burial place is a few rods diagonally from the east angle of Uriah Bird's barn on the margin of the rivulet. The infant corpse was buried at the foot of the tree where it had been found a few minutes after its death. The burial took place just a few hours later, before the pursuers set out on their return. The grave was dug with hunting knives, hatchets, and naked fingers. The little body laid in its place very tenderly, and the grave partly filled with earth. The covering of the grave was completed with rather heavy stones, to prevent foxes or other animals from getting at the remains.

Thus died and was buried the first white child known to history west of the Alleghany Mountains.

Joseph Mayse, 13 years old, was rescued at that same time, somewhere between the Island and the mouth of Indian Draft. In 1774 he fought in the battle of Point Pleasant, where he was wounded, and after suffering from the injury for forty-six years, his

leg was amputated. He recovered, and lived a number of years thereafter, a busy man of affairs. He died "serene and calm," April, 1840, in the 89th year of his age.

In the Richmond Dispatch, April 14, 1901, it is stated that the last survivor of the Point Pleasant veterans was Ellis Hughes, who passed away at Utica, O., in 1840, over ninety years of age. In early manhood he may have lived in the Lower Levels of our county. Now if it was known what month Huges died in, it could be decided who was the last one of the veterans to bivouac in those "silent tents" that Glory "guards with solemn round."

### MOSES MOORE.

Moses Moore, the progenitor of the largest relationship of the name in the county, came from what is now Timber Ridge, Rockbridge County, Virginia. About 1760 he was married to a Miss Elliot, a member of another Timber Ridge family. Their children were John born January 29, 1762; James, born October 5, 1763; Margaret, born March 29, 1765; Moses, Jr., born February 8, 1769; Hannah, born June 6, 1771; Robert, born May 27, 1772; Phebe, born February 13, 1774; William, born September 18, 1784.

At the time of the Drennan raid, when James Baker and the Bridg'er boys were killed, Moses Moore was living on Swago, in sight of what is now the McClintic homestead. Phebe, his youngest daughter, remembered how the family refuged to the fort at Mill Point, and while the Drenanns and Moores and others were

passing around the end of the mountain they heard the firing at the Bridger Notch, when the boys were killed. This would make it 1786 when James Baker, the first school teacher in Pocahontas, was killed.

During the first years of his pioneer life in our region, he spent much of his time hunting and trapping along Back Alleghany, upper Greenbrier River, and Clover Lick vicinity. He was a close observer of Indian movements, and would make a careful search for Indian signs before resuming operations as the hunting seasons returned. The usual place for the Indians to cross the Greenbrier, in the hunting grounds mentioned, was at a passage narrow enough for them to vault over with a long pole. He would take notice accordingly which side of the river the vaulting-pole would be on, and act accordingly. Finally the Indians seemed to have found out his strategy, and thereupon vaulted the narrow passage and cunningly threw the pole back to the other side.

This threw the hunter off his guard. It was Saturday; he set his traps, looked after the deer signs, and arranged his camp. The venerable William Collins, yet living (1901), is sure that the camping spot was on what is now the Charley Collins place, on the Greenbrier above the Cassell fording, at a place near Tub Mill where he was captured by the wily Indians.

It was the hunter's purpose to pass the Sabbath at his camp in quiet repose and devotional reading of the Bible he carried about with him for company. He had put a fat turkey to roast about daylight, and was reclining on a bear skin reading a lesson from the Word,

preparatory to a season of meditation and prayer before breakfast, a habit so characteristic of the Scotch-Irish at that period. He was interrupted by the breaking of a stick, and upon looking intently and steadily in the direction whence the sound seemed to have come he saw five or six warriors aiming their guns and moving cautiously upon him.

Seeing there was no chance to escape, hemmed in as he was, he threw up his hands and made signs for them to come to him. He put the turkey before them and made signs for them to eat. By gestures and guttural gruntings they gave him to understand that they would not touch it unless he would eat some first. He did so, and thereupon they devoured it ravenously, and it was no time that scarcely a fragment remained, even of the bones.

Soon as breakfast was over, they started for their home in Ohio. Having passed but a few miles, they halted at what the pioneers afterwards called the Mossey Spring. The spring—one of the most copious and beautiful of its kind—is near the residence of the late David McLaughlin, four or five miles up the Back Alleghany road from Driftwood. The prisoner was securely bound with buffalo thongs and pinioned to the ground. A detachment went off in the direction of Driftwood, and were absent two or three hours. When the party returned they were loaded down with ore. This was carried to a place, where another halt was made and the ore was smelted and reduced in weight, so that one could carry what had required two to bring in as raw material.

The prisoner was taken as far as Chilacothé and the Indians seemed to have been greatly elated over their capture. So much so that as a special compliment to their lady friends it was decided in solemn council of inquiry what to do with the prisoner, that the captive should run the gauntlet. The Indians seem to have known of nothing so intensely amusing than running the gauntlet, and of no compliment more flattering to their favorite lady friends than have them to form the gauntlet lines, and leave it to them to torment the captive. Accordingly two lines of squaws were drawn up about six or eight feet apart. One captive had preceded Moore, who was stabbed, bruised and hacked to pieces. This made him think it was only death any way. He entered the line and passed some distance, finally a squaw with a long handled frying pan struck him. He wrenched the pan from her and knocked her down with his fist and then striking left and right with the handle of the frying pan, he proceeded along the lines, and many of the other squaws ran away. When Moore had scattered them, the warriors crowded around him, patted and praised him, "good soldier," "good soldier," and decided that he should be allowed to live. By degrees he secured the confidence of his captors. In hunting he was very successful and the Indian who was his keeper would give him ammunition, a part of which he would secret. The supply of ammunition was gradually increased, and the time given him to be absent was extended two or three days. With this increase of rations of powder and bullets and extension of time, he ventured to make escape, and got a

start so far ahead that the Indians could see no hopeful chance of recapturing him.

It is nothing but just to remark Moses Moore is one of the pioneers of this county who will be among those longest remembered in the future by those interested in our pioneer literature. Moses Moore's descendants have probably cleared more land than any one family connexion; some of them have been and are prominent in public affairs. The following particulars were mainly furnished by the venerable Andrew Washington Moore, one of his grandsons, now (1901) in the 83rd year of his age, residing on Knapps Creek and occupying a part of the old ancestral homestead.

About 1770 Moses Moore settled on Knapps Creek, known at that period as Ewing's Creek, and so named in some of the old land papers. Traces of the original cabin remained for years in the meadow near the old orchard contiguous to Washington Moore's present residence. The tract of land purchased by Moses Moore from one Mr Ewing, for the consideration of two steel-traps and two pounds of English sterling, extended from Andrew Herold's to Dennis Dever's gate by the roadside below the Francis Dever homestead. Besides other improvements, Mr Moore built a mill on Mill Run, quarter of a mile from Isaac Brown Moore's.

#### The Daughters of Moses Moore.

Margaret Moore, remembered as a very estimable person, married John Moore, a native of Pennsylvania, and they lived where David Moore now resides. Her daughter Hannah was married to Martin Dille, Esq.,

and lived where Mrs Martha Dilley, relict of the late Andrew Dilley, now lives.

Her son, William Moore, married Miss Calahan, of Bath County, and settled where Jefferson Moore, her grandson, now lives, whose wife was a Miss Grimes.

Margaret Moore's son, James C. Moore, married Miss Nottingham, and lived on land occupied by his widow and son William. This excellent man was a Confederate soldier and died in battle near New Hope, Augusta County, Va., June 1864.

Another of Margaret's sons, John by name, married a Miss Hannah, of Elk, daughter of Dr John Hannah, ancestor of the Pocahontas Hannahs, and lived on the home place, now held by David Moore. A grandson, Joseph Moore, lives between Frost and Glade Hill. Near his residence the spot is pointed out where Rev Henry Arbogast was slain during the Civil War.

Hannah Moore, daughter of Moses, was married to Abram Duffield, on Stony Creek, the ancestor of the Pocahontas Duffields.

Phebe Moore, another daughter, became Mrs Jonathan McNeill on Swago. She was a person highly esteemed for her piety, sound sense, and business energy. For yeart she attended the mill, one of the best of its kind at that time,—in the twenties and thirties. Sometimes that mill would have to run day and night, to supply the custom and avoid grinding on the Sabbath day. There used to be a saying that "an honest miller has hair on the palm of his right hand." Were this a fact, Aunt Phebe's right hand would have been more hairy than Esau's would have been.



There was a Rebecca Moore, who was married to a Mr Cole, and lived in Rockbridge.

### The Sons of Moses Moore.

Robert married a Miss McCollam and lived at Edray where William Sharp now lives. Rev Geo. P. Moore is a great grandson of Moses Moore, also Samuel B. Moore, both residents of Edray.

Aaron Moore lived on the Greenbrier, three or four miles above Marlinton. His wife was Catherine Johnson, daughter of John Johnson, who lived on the Jericho Place, a mile north of Marlinton. Charles L. Moore, on Brown's Creek, and Jacob S. Moore, on Elk, are great-grandsons of Moses Moore, the pioneer.

Moses Moore, Jr., emigrated to Kentucky.

William Moore married Christina Dods, of Rockbridge County, and lived on Stony Creek on the place now occupied by the family of the late Dr Page Carter.

Their daughter, Margaret, became the wife of the late Colonel John W. Ruckman of Mill Point.

Another daughter, Jennie, was married to Captain William D. Hefner, who died in battle at Lewisburg during the War.

Their son, Rev James E. Moore, was a widely known Methodist minister.

John Moore, another son of the pioneer, married a Miss McClung, of Greenbrier County, and settled at Mt Vernon, Knapp's Creek. Their daughter Jennie married John Lightner, near Hightown, Highland County. Another daughter, Elizabeth, became Mrs Jacob Lightner, and lived where the late Francis Dev-

er had his home. There was a son, John Moore, who died aged 18 years.

Isaac Moore, son of Moses, settled near the old home now occupied by I. B. Moore. His wife was Margaret Wilson, from the vicinity of the Old Stone Church, Augusta County. Their children were Chesley, Preston, Malinda, who became Mrs Samuel Harper; Washington, Matilda, who became Mrs John Baker; Isaac, Jr., and Moses.

Chesley married a daughter of the late Colonel John Hill, for whom Hillsboro was named. After her death Chesley married Miss Wanless, on Back Alleghany.

Andrew Washington Moore first married Anna, daughter of Henry Harper, of Sunset, and settled on a part of the Knapp's Creek homestead. His second marriage was with Margaret Jane, daughter of the late John Dever, of Highland County.

Isaac Moore, Jr., lived at Dunmore. He and a citizen named Dunkum bought from Andrew G. Mathews his fine farm, and divided it. Out of their names they jointly coined the word Dunmore and so named the postoffice, which had been previously named Mathews-ville. Isaac Moore married Alcinda Arbogast, daughter of the late William Arbogast of Green Bank. Their daughters are Mrs George H. Moffett, of Parkersburg; and the late Mrs Dr Charles L. Austin of Green Bank. Their sons are C. Forrest, Harry, Ernest, and Rice. Ernest is Sheriff of Pocahontas County. Judge C. Forrest Moore resides at Covington, Va. He presided at the trial of Goodman for fatally shooting, at Gladys' Inn, Va., Colonel Parsons, the proprietor of the Nat-